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The Shape of Things

WE DON'T PRETEND TO KNOW THAT IRAN was pressed by the British into laying its quarrel with the Soviet Union before the United Nations, though the long-standing British-Russian rivalry in the area gives the charge credibility; but we are glad, in any case, that Iran was *not* pressed to withdraw. For the results of the controversy, so far, are all to the good. First, it has refuted the pessimistic theory that the infant organization must not be baptized lest it drown in the font. Mr. Bevin, for Britain, spoke bluntly concerning Russia's role in the recent revolt in Iran's Azerbaijan province, and Mr. Vishinsky, for Russia, replied in kind. Diplomatic double-talk was refreshingly absent. Yet a compromise was reached, a common-sense procedure was agreed upon, and the dignity of a small power was preserved as an encouragement and guaranty to others. Above all, the authority of the UNO was established, and the world was informed that peace depends not on evasiveness and cant but on a frank airing of genuine differences. Returning the dispute to the principals for direct negotiation, the UNO has insisted on its duty to review the results. Acceptance of this decision in good grace by the Soviet delegate and his country's return of important rail lines in Northern Iran to the Iranian State Railway offer hope of a quick and equitable settlement.

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THE ROW BETWEEN BEVIN AND VISHINSKY over Greece was equally frank, but the issue is not susceptible to as easy a compromise. Britain is deeply committed in Greece, and the results of its intervention are well known. They have been reported in these pages and elsewhere in terms widely at variance with the version presented by Mr. Bevin. The British Foreign Secretary was treading on particularly shaky ground when he announced, "We could have done as was done in Rumania by Mr. Vishinsky. . . . We did not do that. We have not set up governments in Greece. . . ." The whole world knows that the Papandreou government was, in fact if not in legal fiction, set up by Britain and maintained in power by British arms and by Greek forces trained by the British and pledged to loyalty to the Greek crown. Subsequent governments, equally creatures of the British, were installed by methods not easy to distinguish from those

applied by Vishinsky in Bucharest. Bevin may be correct in claiming that British forces are today maintaining a semblance of order among the contending factions in Greece, but no belated, half-hearted show of impartiality can cancel out the fact that British intervention crushed the liberation movement, armed the collaborators, and put reactionaries in office. Vishinsky is very likely using the Greek case cynically, as a weapon of retaliation, but he could have chosen no sharper one. What action will be taken is still uncertain as we go to press, but in spite of Bevin's demand for a clear-cut answer to the Russian charges, the Council cannot possibly apply a simple coat of whitewash. Perhaps the old device of an impartial inquiry would offer the best way out.

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LISBON, A PARADISE FOR NAZI AGENTS during the war, has now become headquarters for the Spanish Pretender. A procession of royalists headed by the Dukes of Alba and Sotomayor arrived from Madrid in time to take part in the show, and to contribute glamour to the monarchist campaign abroad. The British government facilitated Don Juan's journey by granting him passage through England. "When his request was first received," said a press cable from London, "it was going to be turned down, but a similar request . . . came from Dr. Giral, Premier of the government in exile, and it seemed politic to grant both requests." Bully for Mr. Bevin! From now on, no one can justly accuse the Labor government of partiality toward the Spanish Republic! Opinions are divided concerning the Pretender's chances. Certain details, especially the manner in which Franco's brother, the Spanish Ambassador to Portugal, welcomed Don Juan after rushing to Madrid for instructions, would suggest that a deal had been made. On the other hand, the insistence in the Falangist press that Franco's position has never been stronger indicates his reluctance to step aside. The Madrid correspondent of the *New York Times* attributes this new optimism to the refusal of Secretary Byrnes "to divulge at present the contents of the Franco-Hitler-Mussolini correspondence." A perfect harmony pervades both foreign offices; while London distributes amenities impartially among Republicans and Monarchists, the State Department one day expresses its

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dislike of Franco and next day suppresses evidence unfavorable to him. We entirely agree with Henry Morgenthau, Jr., who in his Milwaukee address recommended "to the President of the United States and the Secretary of State that they vigorously support the French proposal of a three-power conference and a concerted program which will help the Spanish people get rid of Franco."

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THE UNFITNESS OF EDWIN W. PAULEY TO BE Under Secretary of the Navy has been amply demonstrated at the hearings before the Senate Naval Affairs Committee. Pauley has been a familiar example of the oil man in politics, grinding his own axes and those of Standard of California. As an oil man he has a right to advance his point of view but he has no right to use his political power as Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee to push his private interests. That he has done so is clear. The hearings fully confirmed the revelations about Pauley's Mexican oil deal first made by our Washington editor, I. F. Stone, in *The Nation* of May 15, 1943. The hearings also indicated that Pauley used his influence to stall off a suit asserting the federal government's right to tideland oil, in which both Pauley and Standard of California have interests. Certain interesting questions have been raised, however, which remain unanswered. How did Pauley manage to delay the tideland suit? How can Mr. Ickes justify the retention of Ralph K. Davies as his deputy in charge of the Petroleum Administration after claiming that Davies, a salaried vice-president of Standard of California who has worked closely with Pauley, had misled him into supporting Pauley's appointment? And is it true that Ickes has been promoting Davies for the post of Under Secretary of the Interior?

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CHINA SEEMS ASSURED OF A DEMOCRATIC and unified government as a result of the ratification of the decisions of the Political Consultative Council by the Kuomintang standing committee. The agreement had previously been approved by a Communist Party conference at Yen-an, and acceptance by the Democratic League of a plan that will greatly enlarge its influence is a foregone conclusion. Revision of the Kuomintang's draft constitution is to be undertaken immediately to provide wider provincial autonomy than had originally been granted. The Military Council, which has exercised virtually independent powers, will be brought under the control of the coalition Cabinet. Other significant constitutional changes will include a Bill of Rights giving unrestricted civil liberties to the Chinese people, the establishment of a national bicameral legislature, and new, democratic election machinery. While the Kuomintang retains a small majority in the new State Council and the Cabinet, the opposition parties will have enough seats

to assure them a real voice in the transitional government. Although General Marshall took no direct part in the negotiations, his realistic handling of the situation was a vital, if not decisive factor in the final settlement. What remains is for all parties to carry out the agreement in the same spirit of conciliation that brought it into existence.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION PULLED A BONER IN the unwise and unwarranted assault by its national commander, John Stelle, on General Omar Bradley, chief of the Veterans' Administration. Stelle charged last week that the Veterans' Administration was suffering a "tragic breakdown" and demanded a Congressional investigation of the agency and the replacement of Bradley by a "seasoned business man" who would presumably bring order out of chaos. The attack was met by a sharp counter-attack: a cool defense of his position by the General, a speedy supporting movement by his old chief, General Eisenhower, a statement by President Truman that he didn't think Stelle represented Legion opinion, and a barrage of brickbats from new veterans' organizations which insist that the Legion is incensed because General Bradley has been taking his own line instead of following the Legion's and doling out patronage to legionnaires. These views were strengthened by General Bradley's suggestion that Stelle was piqued by the refusal of the Veterans' Administration to locate a hospital in the exact section of Decatur, Illinois, recommended by Stelle. The fact is that all the present inadequacies of the Veterans' Administration about which the Legion complains were piling up under the administration of General Hines, a strong legionnaire who played the game and was therefore never subjected to criticism by the Legion. General Bradley is doing now what should have been done a year ago, when the Legion was avowedly the watchdog of the Veterans' Administration.

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WHERE ARE THE FASCISTS OF YESTERYEAR? Not in Germany, certainly, where any G. I. will tell you that the hair shirt has replaced the brown shirt. And not in Spain or Argentina either, it seems. We had thought that Generalissimo Franco and Colonel Perón were fair examples of the species. But it seems we were wrong. Both statesmen gave interviews last week in which they proved themselves democrats by saying so. Franco told DeWitt Mackenzie of the Associated Press that "he never subscribed to the policies or to the political views of Hitler and Mussolini," and that he "is heading for absolute democratic rule by the people." Moreover, said the Caudillo, "Spain was with the United States all the time in the war against Japan." What must have led us astray were those occasions early in the war when Franco said that Spain was an "integral part" of Axis Europe and stood firm "against the demo-

cratic liberal alliance with Communist Russia." Then there was that message to Hitler which said, "May your arms triumph"; and that other message congratulating José Laurel on forming a Japanese puppet government in the Philippines. Colonel Perón, in a similar effort to straighten things out, summoned Frank Kluckhohn, newly arrived correspondent of the *New York Times*, and "insisted that his régime was closer to the New Deal than to Nazism and fascism." President Roosevelt's death, he said sadly, was "the greatest blow Argentina had suffered." This really confused us, because at that very moment Gerald L. K. Smith, laughingly attributing his reputation as an anti-Semite to "Jewish Gestapo" propaganda, was telling the Rankin committee that the only effective fascist agency he knew of in this country was Roosevelt's "New Deal bureaucracy." Well, we knew there were fascists somewhere.

The British Loan

IN HIS message to Congress urging approval of the British loan the President presented his case with sober logic but in too academic and unimaginative a manner. This was unfortunate, for the great debate about to begin on Capitol Hill will not turn on fine points of economic theory. The opponents of the loan can be relied upon to appeal to every prejudice, to muster every special interest. They must be answered by arguments that state the problem in plain terms of bread and butter, of war and peace. We have to make it abundantly clear that this loan is not a thoughtless hand-out but a prudent investment in the recovery of a trading partner whose sickness, if not cured, must soon infect our own welfare. More than that, it can justly be urged, the loan is an investment in peace, for unless we can re-establish a system designed to facilitate a world exchange of goods, we shall rapidly find ourselves plunged into all-out economic warfare. From that point to atomic bombardment the distance is very short.

Considerations of this kind make most of the arguments against the loan appallingly irrelevant. The crudest of those arguments, the stock in trade of the isolationist forces, start from the premise that the United States has twice been dragged into war in behalf of Britain, getting nothing out of the deal but bad debts.

Therefore, says the *New York Daily News*, instead of giving more money to be dissipated, "the sensible thing to do would be to teach England that war is a horrible and costly jag by letting England sweat out its World War II hangover unassisted."

We turn, retching, from the unctuous venom of such statements to arguments which are more dangerous because, unlike those of the *Daily News*, they are calculated to impress others than maniacs and morons.

There are, for instance, groups of people sincerely opposed to a loan on the ground that its effect will be to bolster British imperialism. Any such aid, they feel, should be strictly conditional on British agreement to clear out of Greece, or to give India its freedom, or to abrogate the Palestine White Paper. Our own views on British imperialism are a matter of record, but we do not believe that the way to combat it is to deny assistance to the British people at this time. The result would be to force them into a grim self-sufficiency: since under no circumstances can their small island supply them with even the barest means of existence, they would be impelled to organize an autarchic economy on an imperial scale. The bonds of empire would have to be tightened, not loosened; colonial production would have to be more intensively exploited to meet Britain's needs; colonial markets would have to be reserved exclusively for British products.

Forced to practice a more intensive economic imperialism than ever before, Britain would be bound to strengthen its political grip on the Empire. More than ever it would be obliged to guard its communications in the Mediterranean and the Middle East, keep Greece under its thumb, and follow whatever policy in Palestine enabled it to maintain its Asiatic bridgehead at the lowest cost.

In this country it is rather commonly believed that the Empire is already a tightly knit economic unit affording few opportunities for outside traders, but this is not in accordance with the facts. In 1938, for instance, Britain supplied only 24 per cent of the imports of the crown colonies and bought only 35 per cent of their exports. That left plenty of room for others, and the United States before the war found both its largest markets and its chief sources of raw materials within the British Empire, including the dominions. Britain itself was, indeed, the largest single foreign purchaser of American goods, taking 17 per cent of total exports. Moreover, Britain was the best customer of many of our best customers, providing the foreign exchange that enabled them to buy American automobiles and steel. Our foreign trade, therefore, was closely connected with that of Britain. In the years ahead when, once current shortages are overcome, we shall need overseas markets more than ever to absorb our industrial surpluses, the closing of the open door to the British Empire and its inclusion in an exclusive trading bloc would be a very severe blow to our economy.

Britain, we must realize, has had its margin of economic security dangerously curtailed by the war. It has lost 25 per cent of its wealth while ours has been enhanced. Its standard of living has been reduced while ours can rise 50 per cent above the pre-war level if we are intelligent enough to make use of our vast capacity for production. The loan will do little to relieve British austerity immediately; it is not large enough for that.

It will provide a breathing-spell while run-down industries are reequipped and lost markets recovered.

Britain needs aid but not so desperately as to suffer dictatorship of her foreign and imperial policies. Our economic strength has enabled us to strike a bargain obtaining in return for a loan British support for the kind of international trading system which corresponds to our economic needs. But should we attempt to introduce extraneous political objectives we should merely convince the British that our purpose is not to assist but to dominate. The upshot would surely be the sacrifice of economic objectives together with the loss of all power to influence British policies in the direction we desire.

Intervention for Democracy

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

INTERVENTION has almost as bad a name in Latin America as non-intervention in Europe. Both have come to signify, paradoxically, the same thing: big-power support of the forces of reaction. Non-intervention—or the treachery that bore that label—made possible the triumph of fascism in Spain. Intervention kept or put tyrants in power in half a dozen American republics. Known less respectfully as the policy of the Big Stick, it was symbolized by United States marines streaming ashore at Latin American ports to establish "order" in the name of Standard Oil or the National City Bank.

When the Good Neighbor era was inaugurated by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, it had many features that delighted its administrators and coordinators—good-will tours by Hollywood personalities, doctorates conferred upon unlettered dictators, cultural missions and, above all, financial benefits distributed with calculating discrimination, particularly among those countries whose friendship was least to be trusted. But in Latin America the Good Neighbor policy had only one important meaning for the ordinary man: it marked the end of gun-boat diplomacy and economic imperialism. Because the people of Latin America trusted Roosevelt, they forgave innumerable blunders and inconsistencies. It was enough, for the moment, that intervention had been repudiated as an instrument of policy. Only one fear remained, lurking in the wings. What would happen when Roosevelt's rule ended? Would his successor honor his pledge of non-intervention? Any change was certain to arouse misgiving.

It is a tragedy whose consequences are already visible that the death of Roosevelt should have coincided with the end of non-intervention as a workable policy in

Latin America. Today the peoples of the continent are faced with the necessity of adopting an attitude against which their whole experience has conditioned them; they must accept intervention as the only alternative to the rapid consolidation of fascist tyranny. So far they are not prepared to do so: the great question is whether they will be able to recognize the facts and act in time.

The question is not an abstract one. It has been posed in concrete and challenging terms by the Perón dictatorship in Argentina. The program of Perón is as familiar as "Mein Kampf" and far more coherent. It has been expressed in a series of acts and pronouncements which establish the fascist boss of Argentina as the legitimate heir of his Axis predecessors. Readers who studied the memorandum submitted by the Nation Associates to the general Assembly of the UNO and published with last week's issue of *The Nation* know how far that program has already been carried into effect. Another document, telling the story chiefly in terms of dispatches, official notes, speeches, and decrees, is "The Argentine Regime" put out by the C. I. O. Committee on Latin American Affairs, and also submitted to the Assembly. Together, these compilations present an overwhelming indictment of the government which last spring joined the United Nations under the sponsorship of the United States. The Nation Associates has demanded Argentina's suspension on the basis of its flagrant violations of its commitments under the Act of Chapultepec. So far no action has been taken at London, although it is reported that the question may be raised this week in the Economic and Social Council. But the Memorandum and the C. I. O. report have generated wide discussion in the press and exposed the full meaning of Argentine facism to non-American delegates with little access to first-hand information. Whatever is done or not done at the present meeting of the UNO, the Argentine issue is out in the open. It will not be allowed to subside.

Luis Rodriguez, Mexican ambassador to Chile, is reported to have said that if Perón becomes president, nothing can prevent a general war in Latin America by 1950. This is certainly true if the Latin republics, backed by liberal opinion in the United States, continue stubbornly to reject all forms of intervention. Times have changed. International relations are threatened by a force more ugly and dangerous than Yankee imperialism at its toughest. The old interventionism consistently supported reaction; the new interventionism must organize the popular, democratic forces against fascism. Otherwise Perón and a host of other Peróns up and down the continent will make nonsense of the Act of Chapultepec and every attempt at pan-American friendship. The issue is as clear as that. How to create general support for this position is far from clear.

Uruguay's proposal of "collective intervention" by

the American republics in countries where basic human rights are denied by dictatorial governments has aroused wide opposition; a recent Washington dispatch indicates that only six republics fully favor the plan. Nor is the opposition limited to countries with reactionary governments of their own. On the contrary, its most vehement expression has come from Mexico, and, in Mexico, from progressive persons and organizations. Anti-gringo feeling dies hard. It seems quite unlikely that the proposal in its original form can be adopted within the near future; it may not even be added to the agenda of the Rio conference.

Another plan, which would obviate many of the political and psychological difficulties inherent in the Uruguay suggestion, has come from Argentina itself. A number of prominent Argentine democrats of various parties signed a petition to the UNO asking for "multilateral intervention" to eliminate foci of Nazi-fascist infection wherever they may develop. The proposal is based upon the premise that any state which tolerates or protects the activities of foreign or domestic fascists is guilty of a threat to the peace justifying action by the Security Council. By shifting responsibility to the UNO, the signers obviously hope to eliminate the danger—and fear—of North American domination. Many Latin American republics would look with favor on a scheme which offered security not only among themselves but against the United States as well. Whether it will be equally acceptable in Washington is questionable.

To hand over even part of the task of inter-American security to the UNO involves a modification of the Monroe Doctrine which is bound to horrify many conservatives; for if Latin America is suspicious of interventionist policies sponsored by the United States, this country is even more wary of intervention originating outside the hemisphere. On the other hand, since we are at last committed to collective action on a world basis, it will be impossible in the long run to prevent cracks in the wall reared by President Monroe. The United States should in my opinion, endorse and defend the plan for multilateral sanctions against fascism—even in our own carefully guarded sphere of influence.

IMPORTANT EXPOSE

In next week's Nation

JUAN PERON: NAZI HEIR

By Stanley Ross

Argentina's fascist leader at first hand: his character, his boyhood, his training by the Nazis, his campaign tactics, and many other facts never before published in America.

Swastika Over the Senate

BY. I. F. STONE

Washington, February 1

EVER since January 18 the United States Senate presumably has been engaged in debating a motion by Senate Overton of Louisiana to incorporate in its journal the opening prayer delivered by the chaplain the day before. This parliamentary device, in Wilson's famous words, has again made it possible for "a little group of wilful men" to render "the great government of the United States helpless and contemptible." Despite a good deal of elephantine humor by some Southern Senators, there has been no attempt to hide the purpose of the maneuver. On January 17 Chavez of New Mexico took advantage of the delay in presenting the President's message and the presence of a Northern Democrat (Myers of Pennsylvania) in the chair to move that the Senate proceed to the consideration of S 101. This bill, for a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission, has been blocked ever since it was reported to the Senate by the Committee on Education and Labor last May 24. "I ask the Senator," Chavez pleaded with Overton as the Chaplain's Prayer filibuster began, "whether he does not think that the bill should be voted down or voted up, one way or the other, after adequate and ample debate?" "The Senator might just as well ask me," Overton replied, "whether I do not think it ought to be voted up, because I think the Senator knows, as I know, that if the bill were put to a vote at the present time by the Senate it would be passed."

It is one of the minor paradoxes involved that this fight against fair treatment for minorities in the United States is being waged by a legislative minority, which boldly asserts its contempt for majority rule. "A mob," said Bilbo, who should be an authority on the subject, "is a majority. . . . Without the filibuster the minority would be at the mercy of the majority." When Taylor of Wyoming asked Tydings whether democracy was not "predicated upon the rule of the majority," the latter was derisive. "The rule of the majority," Tydings burst out. "The rule of votes. Majority to hades! The rule of petty political preference. The rule of the majority. The rule that has brought more bloodshed and turmoil and cruelty on this earth than any other thing I know of." So rapidly do recollections of the Axis dictatorships and their cost to the world vanish from the mind of a Maryland Senator.

S 101 forbids employers to deny jobs and labor unions to deny membership to any person because of his "race, creed, color, national origin, or ancestry." The bill covers any employer with six or more workers who is "engaged

in interstate or foreign commerce or in operations affecting such commerce." It would not make discrimination of this kind a crime but "an unfair employment practice," and the mechanism of enforcement would be the filing of a cease and desist order by the FEPC with a United States Circuit Court of Appeals. The FEPC would be an administrative body like the National Labor Relations Board or the Federal Trade Commission, and full rights of hearing, counsel, and appeal are of course provided. No penalties for non-compliance are provided other than those which the Circuit Court of Appeals may impose for disregard of its orders. This summary is made necessary by the extraordinary descriptions of the bill in the filibuster. Russell of Georgia said the result of the bill "would be the absolute nationalization of all business, industry, and agriculture." Bankhead of Alabama declared it would give the FEPC "wide-open authority, even going to the extent of capital punishment." McClellan of Arkansas termed the bill "the most vicious and destructive assault on human liberty that ever has been made in America." Even for a Southern Senator, this was a high fever.

In this anthology of absurdity, the honors seem to be divided between Tydings and George, the former for a picturesqueness verging on blasphemy, the latter for a lack of logic bordering on a kind of Senatorial delirium tremens. "It was cloture," Tydings cried, "that crucified Christ on the cross." For a breathless moment one wondered whether he would go on to accuse Pontius Pilate of being a Republican. George's prize remark came during his peroration. "We are called upon," was his solemn summation, "to go Nazi." However inadequate as a description of the bill, the remark accurately described the frame of mind in which most of the Southern Senators waged their filibuster. If any such naked racism is displayed by a German political assembly, we shall be forced to lengthen our term of occupation. There was, of course, the familiar charge that the bill would lead to miscegenation; reactionary Southerners have a profoundly revealing way of at once leaping into bed with the Negro problem. But they made it very clear that it was not the Negro alone whom they wanted to keep in his place.

Bilbo of "Dear Dago" letter fame played his expected part in the filibuster. There were sneers by Eastland of Mississippi at Jim Dombrowski of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare for his "typically old Southern name." There was much talk of "Anglo-Saxon Americanism," and digs at Mexicans which finally brought the angry retort from Chavez, "I am an American, and I am

not begging the permission of anyone to be an American, notwithstanding my national origin." Chavez's Catholicism also figured in the debate, and even the American Indian did not escape slurs. Bankhead defended business men who do not wish to employ them. "There is something peculiar about an Indian," Bankhead advised, "which causes the white American not to want to be too closely associated with him." The filibuster was shot through with anti-Semitism. Eastland said that if the FEPC bill was constitutional and "if the Congress of the United States says that 10,000 Jewish drygoods merchants represent a discrimination against the Anglo-Saxon branch of the white race . . . then we may limit the number of Jews . . . in interstate business."

This kind of talk is dangerous business in a country which, unlike Germany, has more than one tiny minority. A country with 22,000,000 Catholics, 13,000,000 Negroes, 5,000,000 Jews, 3,000,000 persons of Spanish-speaking origin, 11,000,000 foreign born, and 23,000,000 children of foreign born is not a country in which it is safe to play with the matches of Anglo-Saxon white Protestant supremacy. The cruel and unjust treatment of the Negro, whom the South would suspend halfway between slavery and real freedom, may easily prove Amer-

ica's undoing. Even Senators like Lister Hill and Fulbright joined the filibustering pack. Pepper alone had the courage to stand aside, supporting cloture, though disclaiming an intention to vote for FEPC. "Nigger lover" is a potent political cry in the South. More disheartening than the Southerners, however, are the apathy displayed by some Northern Senators and the open support of the filibuster by Midwestern reactionaries.

Chavez has borne the brunt of the fight, with aid from Morse, Guffey, Myers, La Follette, Ball, Smith, and Aiken. The indifference of the majority has made this the easiest filibuster the Southerners ever waged; sessions end at 6 p.m. or earlier. Although Overton said frankly that the Democratic Party ought to remain "the white man's party" and that "the Negro made a very bad bargain" when he left the G. O. P. for the New Deal, Republican leadership is selling the Negro down the river in this fight despite the FEPC pledges of 1944. Vigorous action by the White House and Republican leadership could easily force cloture, but the White House is flaccid, and the Republican leader, White of Maine, said he would vote against the bill. This is the spectacle presented by the United States in the wake of a war against fascism and racism.

Of Meat and Men

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Of the staff of the Chicago Sun

Chicago, January 31

BY GOLLY, we beat the packers!" So said Herbert March, district director for the C. I. O. United Packinghouse Workers here in the nation's meat capital, to a cheering union meeting the day after the workers trooped back to their jobs.

The exuberance was a little premature. Union leaders had been assured by Secretary of Agriculture Anderson, who was operating the plants for the government, that any wage increase recommended by a Presidential fact-finding board would be put into effect. But they were not yet sure how much cash on the barrelhead the men would get from the fact-finders; they were frankly skeptical about Washington.

For twelve hours after government seizure President Lewis J. Clark refused to order his membership back to work; he and the other leaders felt the seizure order itself should have contained guaranties of wage increases. One spokesman added the safeguard, "The strike isn't over. If we don't get the raises, we will go out again." Yet, despite the uncertainty, the unionized workers in the meat industry had good reason to be proud of what they had accomplished by their eleven-day walkout.

The burden of the fight was carried by the C. I. O., which has by far the largest organization in the major packing companies. But the A. F. of L. Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen walked out at the same time; and their contribution, while relatively small in Chicago, helped the united front in other cities.

The strikers in Chicago gained a degree of community support which in the old days would have been inconceivable. Informed citizens are under no illusions about the character of one wing of Chicago's big industry. In it is found Sewell L. Avery of Montgomery, Ward, whose influence extends through United States Gypsum, Pullman-Standard, and Armour. In it also are numerous other powerful gentlemen who, in their interlocking directorates, have shown considerable reluctance to accept the spirit of the Wagner act. When, a few weeks before the packinghouse strike, Captain George Barnes of the police labor detail raided the picket lines outside some C. I. O.-struck gear plants, he was egged on by the *Chicago Tribune*, which inveighed loudly against "mobs." The union suspected that precedents were being created for the coming packinghouse and other strikes.

The anticipated police raids on packinghouse workers' picket lines did not materialize, except to a minor extent. This may have been partly due to the other newspapers, which reminded the Chicago police of their part in the massacre of Memorial Day, 1937. It was due more directly, however, to the extraordinary support mobilized for the workers by the so-called Back of the Yards Council. This curious institution is, in a way, the lengthened shadow of one Saul Alinsky, author of "Reveille for Radicals." The book has aroused a good deal of controversy, but among Chicago packinghouse workers there is complete agreement about the usefulness of the Yards Council. The stockyards community, sprawled across the southwestern part of Chicago, has been cooperating in the council for years and was organized in advance for the strike.

Three priests of the community were on the picket line the first day of the walkout, wearing large signs proclaiming themselves "On Strike!" They made it a little difficult for the police to raid the line. Corner grocers and druggists had been canvassed beforehand by the union and had agreed to grant credit to their customers. When local reporters asked business men in the area which side they favored, they replied something like this: "We sell to the workers, not the packing companies. Where do you think we stand?" An officer of the Drovers' National Bank, controlled by the packing interests, said the workers needed a raise and "knew what they were doing."

Packing is a low-wage industry, and the workers' relative position deteriorated during the war. For many years, even before unions came in, the common-labor rate in steel and packing was identical. But in October, 1945, the average straight-time hourly wage in packinghouses was only 87.6 cents, as contrasted with \$1.06 in steel, \$1.18 in automobiles, \$1.27 in shipbuilding. There are industries in which wages are lower, but none in which the work is more unpleasant, few in which it is more dangerous. Packinghouse workers had no general pay increase after Pearl Harbor, though in a two-year fight they forced some "fringe" increases through the War Labor Board. The higher scales negotiated in 1941 merely lifted their pay above the shockingly low previous average of 66.6 cents an hour—equivalent to \$26.64 a week. That was little above the factory average of twenty years earlier.

The day the strike began, Swift and Company announced that its hourly-wage employees had averaged \$48.85 a week in October—but neglected to specify that this resulted from a forty-nine-hour week, including nine hours of overtime. When President Truman appointed his fact-finding board, the packers argued that this overtime would continue; the union neither believed the claim nor wanted the overtime. The workers asserted quite frankly that the companies preferred to pay penalty

overtime now so as to check future wage demands when the labor market "loosened." They believed they deserved a living wage for a normal forty-hour week.

In the old days the packers used bloodshed to break the efforts of their workers to organize. The hog-butcher princes fought unionism in 1904 and 1921 as viciously as old George Pullman, in his "model" company town, fought the Chicago "anarchists" of the Haymarket riots. The C. I. O. Packinghouse Workers organized in the late '30's under the joint impetus of the Wagner act and the C. I. O. drive in the mass-production industries. They called a few strikes against the so-called "independent" packers, and in 1941 against the Chicago United Stockyards Transit Company, but had never before attempted a major walkout. They got their contracts with the Big Four, headed by Swift and Company, without being obliged to strike.

This does not mean that the Big Four welcomed collective bargaining. The first master contracts, covering whole companies, were signed only in 1942, through the intervention of the old National Defense Mediation Board. A brief filed with the WLB listed over 600 instances of alleged "provocation" of union members by management. The union leaders believe that the packers, like some other industrialists, had no serious objection to a strike at the present time—and hoped that public antagonism would break the union. The company negotiators, in any case, stubbornly refused to consent to an increase of more than 10 cents an hour. There was one moment when, in an exploratory way, they talked about 15 cents; but after an adjournment they went back to 10 cents.

In view of their lack of experience, the Packinghouse Workers did a remarkable strike job. The innumerable details of proper picket allocation, soup kitchens, mass-meetings on the long week-ends when worried wives might complain about the lack of pay checks were well handled. The picket lines were orderly but determined; there were few "incidents." The packers didn't operate, and didn't try to.

The union leaders, as I said above, were not very happy about government seizure and the fact-finding board. They are deeply suspicious of packer influence in the Department of Agriculture; they feared the fact-finders had 15 cents fixed in their minds as the proper figure for an increase, partly because the A. F. of L. seemed willing to accept 15 cents. The C. I. O. pointed out that with steel already ahead of the packinghouse workers and with Ford and Chrysler and the oil companies granting 18-cent increases, a 15-cent rise for them would place their industry even farther behind others.

They didn't like the prospect. But they ran their strike, ran it successfully, and got a pledge from the government before they went back to work. They have met their first big test of power without breaking. Perhaps they will "beat the packers" yet.

Haunted Housing

BY MAURICE ROSENBLATT

Former editor of the City Reporter; during the war a special agent with the Army Criminal Investigation Department

A BLIND veteran in New York writes that he cannot get an apartment for his mother and his seeing-eye dog. Another soldier returned from overseas finds the four members of his family compelled to live in four different counties. The mayor of Racine, Wisconsin, reports that "as many as sixteen to twenty persons are living in one or two rooms." In Texas a large ice-box is offered as a dwelling; in California the racing tipster has been joined by the "housing tout," a suave fellow who for \$50 will tell you where to find a home. Newspapers no longer play up stories of five-way exchanges of city apartments; the humor of the situation has worn thin. With 10,000 soldiers becoming civilians daily, the 1,200,000 million families who now live doubled up will reach 3,000,000 in 1946.

Out of the welter of statistics and estimates some basic figures emerge which tell the story of America's housing problem:

New dwellings needed in 1946	3,500,000 units
Needed in the next ten years	12,600,000 units
Required minimum yearly building	1,260,000 units
Amount built in 1925, our greatest home-building year	937,000 units

To meet this need, it is estimated that at best 460,000 units can be constructed in 1946. More significant than any estimate is the number of units now actually being built—less than 70,000 in the whole United States, or no more than enough to take care of one week's discharged service men. The figures present us with the paradox of a demand so great that it could create a six-and-a-half-billion-dollar industry employing four and a half million men for ten years—outstripping even automobiles—and a limping building industry producing but a puny trickle of new construction.

Housing has been wrongly described as a war casualty. Many other factors, some predating the war by years, have contributed to the present crisis: an acute housing shortage existed before the war; families have increased by 3,000,000 since 1940, and some 1,400,000 service men have married; while there was considerable building after 1941, it was "temporary war housing," the government guaranteeing that it should not be used as permanent dwellings.

The war did create a shortage of materials and labor. We practically closed down brickyards and ceased making bathtubs, hardware, and essential fixtures. An unknown quantity of building materials was hoarded by dealers awaiting the repeal of the excess-profits tax. But

at present the supply of materials is starting to flow, and most bottlenecks should be broken by spring.

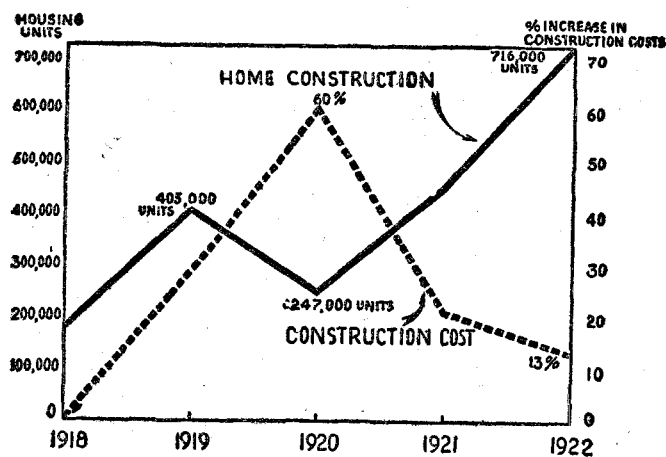
One would have expected Congress to move swiftly after V-J Day, and to have passed remedial legislation by now. But the only action it has taken is the appropriation of \$191,000,000 for dismantling 100,000 temporary units and setting them up in communities where they are needed. All other proposals, emergency or long-range, are still in the discussion stage. The most comprehensive housing program ever prepared, the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill, has not yet reached the floor of the Senate; its passage there is expected, but after that it must run the gauntlet of the realty-minded members of the lower house. The bill provides for low-cost public housing, slum clearance, thirty-two-year-credit for owners of small homes, research into construction techniques and materials. It is a plan designed to insure that we shall not find ourselves in a similar housing crisis in 1956. We cannot look to it for immediate relief.

The lack of adequate housing, however, is hardly the fault of Congress or the Administration. The building and real-estate business has long been a stoutly defended citadel of private enterprise. If its speculative economics, its octopus financing, its outmoded techniques, and its creaking psychology were known to the public, the cause of the shortage would be no mystery.

The builder and real-estate operator imagine that the pressure for houses from a growing army of homeless people will send prices and rents to dizzy heights. The signs of this were clear enough during the war, when prices of old houses—on which there were no ceilings—went up 47 per cent in Chicago, 59 per cent in Los Angeles, 95 per cent in Denver. A bonanza at the end of the war seemed certain if only the government would get out of the way and let the ceilings collapse.

The OPA fears that an uncontrolled building boom will go up like a rocket and down like the stick. This happened after the last war when costs flew out of hand and buyers grew timid. The present tremendous demand for new housing comes largely from people in the middle income brackets and will evaporate if prices start rising. According to a survey conducted by the *Architectural Forum* 490,000 families are ready to buy or build homes right away, but they are thinking in terms of a median price of \$5,345; 37 per cent of these families would put off building if costs rose \$1,000.

If the building industry is to escape the disaster which followed the last war, four things must be avoided: in-



*Here's What Went Wrong:
As Costs Went Up, the Volume of Building Went Down*

flated building-material prices and construction costs, inflated selling prices of homes, early collapse of post-war activity, an epidemic of mortgage foreclosures. John B. Blandford, National Housing Administrator, says that the boom will be short-lived unless the new housing is within the means of the average family. To deal with the emergency the OPA favors a bill sponsored by Representative Wright Patman, which would give the federal government authority to set price ceilings on old and new dwellings and to allocate critically short materials to residential building.

After V-J Day the building industry, bent on a suicidal price binge and undisturbed either by the experience of the past or by the warnings of the OPA, set out to end all government controls. The first target was WPB Order L-41, which restricted home building to structures costing \$8,000 or less. Shortly after the end of the war a Houston realtor, Hugh Potter, became assistant to Reconversion Director John W. Snyder, who administered L-41. Potter worked fast, and on October 15 L-41 ceased to operate. Having delivered this victory to the real-estate men Potter retired from public service.

Throughout the country real-estate dealers cashed in; one Washington builder made \$50,000 overnight by raising the price on 50 houses from the \$8,000 ceiling to \$9,000. But with the lifting of regulations, priorities for home building were lost, and instead of going into the promised housing, materials went into commercial construction—gas stations and hot-dog stands. By Christmas the predictions of the OPA had become painful realities, and Mr. Snyder asked President Truman to bring back controls; this time 50 per cent of the critical materials were allocated to houses costing less than \$10,000. Three months, however, had been lost.

The real-estate lobby in Washington is careful to speak in the name of "the American home owner," but actually it represents the speculators in real estate, many of whom build nothing and merely gamble in property. To them the American dream is a never-ending land boom. The lobby enjoys the backing of mortgage compa-

nies, chambers of commerce, and numerous banks in its fight against rent control, price ceilings, and the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill.

The National Association of Real Estate Boards, representing some thirty thousand brokers, dealers, and builders, maintains elaborate headquarters in Washington. Recently it established the National Real Estate Foundation to "supply information needed to clarify public issues which concern real property and stimulate property-owner groups to organized effort in order to protect their interests." The foundation was launched with an elaborate dinner for Congressmen. Senator McCarran proposed a bill to give it the dignity of a congressional charter, something heretofore reserved for non-lobbying patriotic organizations. Originally the foundation sought a fund of \$500,000, but its sights were raised when it received pledges for \$125,000 and \$100,000 from two Pittsburgh builders. With that kind of money around, the trustees finally decided to aim at \$5,000,000 in the next twelve months. Contributions to the foundation are tax-exempt on the ground that its work is "educational." However, witnesses against the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill may obtain any of the foundation's "research material."

The scarcity economics and speculative attitude of the building industry are as much a result of the way we build houses as are cracks in the plaster or leaks in the roof. Embalmed in the typical American house are all the inefficient, expensive methods of an obsolescent industry. As far as construction and materials are concerned, there is no great difference between a house built today and one built in George Washington's time. A Bureau of Labor Statistics survey showed that in 1938 64 per cent of the home builders in seventy-two cities produced one house each, and only 6 per cent built as many as ten. Operating on so small a scale, a builder is unable to provide steady employment for the many skilled workmen required to build a house; frequently he distributes the various operations among subcontractors, whose respective profits are reflected in the price of the house. He cannot take advantage of the economies in either buying or production which a big output makes possible. He can only build for the well-to-do.

With home building still a handicraft industry it is no wonder that the most we can hope for is 500,000 new units in 1946 and 1,000,000 in 1947. However, not everyone is permanently wedded to the notion that we must go on building with archaic materials and techniques. Senator Kilgore wants home building to take advantage of the scientific and industrial advances made during the war. Many new materials have been developed which are suitable for mass-production of houses—new light metals, plastics, wall boards, cements, and so forth. With Senator Mitchell he is sponsoring a bill which pro-

vides that the National Housing Agency shall act as a centralized purchasing agency for local housing organizations, placing orders with private manufacturers when it has accumulated a sufficient number for low-cost volume production. These manufacturers' war plants are now standing idle. In buying houses from the National Housing Agency for resale or rent to veterans, local organizations would be aided by loans from that agency. No house would cost more than \$5,000. Hearings by the Senate Banking Committee on the Mitchell-Kilgore bill will begin shortly. If it is passed, orders can be placed at once, and homes will be available in a few months instead of years. Only a measure of this kind can meet the present emergency.

At present people think of the housing crisis as temporary. Once they realize that they have no prospect of anything better than the abandoned busses, vacant stores, and Turkish baths in which they are now living, they will lose patience. The riots in Detroit, Pittsburgh, and Harlem were largely housing riots. Today many white communities have reached the pre-war density of Negro communities, and the urban Negro population is crowded beyond all endurance. There is no organized pro-housing lobby, and if the real-estate interests' multi-million-dollar machine prevails, explosions will occur. Present policies promise that the shortage will get worse in 1947 and reach a climax by the election year of 1948.

Philippine Aftermath

BY MILDRED ADAMS

Journalist and critic with a special interest in Hispanic American affairs

III. The End of the Road

FOR forty years we have been proud of our record in the Philippines. The best work was done in the first two decades, but the momentum continued. When we bungled in Cuba, contradicted ourselves in Puerto Rico, brought the Virgin Islands to the brink of starvation, we liked to rest our mind and our conscience with visions of little brown Filipinos smiling in little red schoolhouses. Nor was self-congratulation all. Our achievement there gave us a toe-hold from which to criticize other colonial powers.

The sin of pride has at last caught up with us. Unless something unforeseen happens, we are about to put the capstone on magnanimity by giving the Filipinos the independence we withheld from them forty-eight years ago. Unhappily, it is not going to be as generous a gift as we intended. It will be wrapped up in the tissue paper of fine speeches and mutual congratulations, but the truth is that political and economic independence will create problems in the islands so far-reaching as to cast doubt on our entire record.

In order to reexamine that record it is necessary to look back for a moment at 1898. We took the Philippines from Spain in an eight months' war that started in Cuba. To most Americans they looked like a by-product, and it was a favorite joke that most of our citizenry had to hunt up school geographies in order to find out where they were. However, our government thought enough of them, with Guam and Puerto Rico, to pay Spain \$20,000,000 for them after taking them. It was a sum far larger in those days than in these.

What did we get for our money? Sovereignty over

114,400 square miles of tropical islands and seven million people—now increased to eighteen million—of assorted Oriental races, some fine harbors, and good rock for a military outpost. The Filipinos were not pleased. While we were dickering with Spain, by force and otherwise, they were setting themselves up as a republic, establishing a capital, choosing an assembly, making a constitution. Two days after they proclaimed their constitution we ratified a treaty with Spain. It took us three years of jungle fighting to prove to the Filipinos that our treaty had more power than their constitution.

Meanwhile debates were raging at home. Americans were not united on this new policy of conquest. It seemed to many no part of the role of a freedom-loving nation to take other peoples into subjection. The Taft Commission, appointed by President McKinley in 1900 to go out and construct a civil government for the islands, was told to bear in mind that "the government which they are establishing is designed, not for our satisfaction or for the expression of our theoretical views, but for the happiness, peace, and prosperity of the people of the Philippine Islands."

So we entered on our new role with a divided mind. One day we were a nation of liberators rescuing people from the feudal tyranny of Spain; the next we were budding imperialists. The net result was an attack of conscience that showed itself in programs of education, sanitation, road-building which were gradually welded into what we liked to call an American colonial policy. That policy was founded on the belief that the American pattern of self-government was the best in the world for any people, no matter what their background, that democracy and self-support were synony-

mous, and that the highroad to both led through the American schoolhouse.

The population of the islands was made up of forty-three separate ethnic groups, mutually distrustful, speaking no common language, having no common religion. Only 18 per cent of the people had been taught to read and write Spanish by the religious orders that controlled education. Land was held, agriculture managed, trade carried on by perhaps 250,000 of the seven million people living there. Government was in the hands of Spanish officials and persons of pure or mixed Spanish blood who had made money and acquired position. The social structure was the squat pyramid familiar in Europe and Asia, with a huge peasant class at the bottom and a small élite on top. The efforts of the United States since 1898 have been directed toward narrowing that pyramid at the base and widening it at the center by encouraging the growth of a middle class.

To what extent those and other of our efforts have succeeded is told succinctly in the report made for the year ending June 20, 1941, by Francis Sayre, then High Commissioner for the Philippines.

From the beginning of American occupation of the islands to the present time efforts have been concentrated [he said] on advancement of education, public health, self-government, and an increasing national income, apparently with confidence that success in these fields would automatically bring about an improved social organization. That substantial success was achieved in these aims is incontestable. Literacy rose from 18 per cent in 1903 to over 48 per cent in 1939. All serious tropical epidemics have been either practically eliminated or brought under definite control, with a surprising decrease in infant mortality and a marked increase in longevity. Self-government has reached its maximum short of sovereign independence. . . . The national income as measured by overseas and domestic trade values has increased fivefold. And yet . . . neither a sizable independent middle class nor an influential public opinion has developed. The bulk of the newly created income has gone to the government, to landlords, and to urban areas, and has served but little to ameliorate living conditions among the almost feudal peasantry. . . . Maldistribution of population, of land, and of wealth in many forms continues . . . and social unrest has reached serious proportions.

That was the state of affairs six months before the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor and the Philippines. Economic problems were bulking even larger than social problems. Nor had the dream of democracy—a dream obviously hard to put into practice among a people half of whom were illiterate—been strong enough to bar out the competing voices. José Laurel, then justice of the Supreme Court, told law students at the University of the Philippines in 1941 that he would accept “a benevolent dictatorship,” and cited Japan as “an ex-

cellent example” of such a dictatorship. Pedro Abad Santos, an agrarian Socialist deputy, declared that “our country is dominated economically and politically by Spanish and Japanese fascists, through Filipino dummies, saboteurs, and traitorous public officials.”

There were other disquieting straws. Licensed gambling was increasing. The Philippine government cut elementary-school education from seven to six years and abolished compulsory learning of English. It declared a modified Tagalog to be the national language, but only a portion of the population could speak or understand it. In spite of the imminence of freedom, the national economy was still tied tight to the United States; 80 per cent of the islands' commerce was with us, and dependent on a continuance of free trade. It was not a hopeful picture, and the war made it infinitely worse by adding enormous physical destruction to existing difficulties.

How far are we responsible for the present unhappy situation, and what can we do about it? To an industrial nation accustomed to performing feats of rapid large-scale construction the physical damage resulting from the war is perhaps less daunting than it looks to the Filipinos. The army has both equipment and material in the Pacific for a vast amount of building. The most cautious estimates of war damage run around \$250,000,000. That is more than ten times the sum we paid for all the islands, but values have changed in forty-eight years. The physical destruction could be repaired were we minded to do it.

Far more serious are the ills for which we are more directly responsible—the political cynicism and irresponsibility of political leaders who found Japanese totalitarianism a tenable ideal, economic methods which though obsolete are deeply rooted and strongly defended, the half-completed program of national education which seems now to be going backward, the social maladjustments, the widening gulf between leaders and people. Half a century was too short a time in which to do as big a job as we undertook.

Hardly less important than the time element is the wavering course we have pursued. When we took the Philippines from Spain, the Republican Party with its emphasis on centralized power was in control, and it stayed in control until 1912. Educators, road builders, sanitation experts, governors were sent out to do the kind of job that would bind the Philippines closer to the United States. With the election of Woodrow Wilson in 1912, an entirely different set of men and theories took command. Where the Filipinos had been treated with kindly paternalism they were now encouraged, at least in theory, to act as equals. Francis Burton Harrison, sent out as the new Democratic Governor General, brought them a message from President Wilson explaining that “every step we take will be taken with a view to the ultimate independence of the islands and as a

preparation for that independence." In 1916 the Jones bill—which Filipinos called, in good Spanish, the "bill Jones"—was passed to start them on the road to independence.

Then the pendulum swung the other way. President Harding, elected in 1920, sent out the Wood-Forbes Mission to survey conditions, and the report it brought back was that independence at that time would be premature. Governor Harrison was replaced by General Wood, and then by Henry Stimson. In 1932 the Democrats were back in power. That meant a better chance for early independence. The Filipinos strengthened their mission in Washington, and by January, 1933, an independence bill had been passed in Congress and vetoed by Hoover, still in office. They had found friends among American sugar and dairy men who wanted nothing better than to be free of the competition offered by the Philippine products. Under the guise of sentimental interest in Filipino aspirations the Tydings-MacDuffie act was framed and passed in 1934. The Filipinos were to set up their own Commonwealth in 1935 and to be free of all allegiance to the United States in 1946.

During these years, in spite of the change of Administrations, there was a measurable progress toward island self-government. High Commissioner Paul McNutt, in his famous report for 1938, charged that in economic matters just exactly the opposite had been happening.

Since 1913 American trade policy has forced the Philippine economic establishment into a position of complete dependence on the United States, until today it is doubtful whether any other sizable colony is as economically dependent on its metropolis. . . . In economic policy America has bound the Philippines to her, while at the same time in political policy America has presumed to sever the Philippines from her.

The Tydings-MacDuffie act, which will cut the final cord in 1946, was, in Mr. McNutt's opinion, the result of "a clever but dangerous trade-off."

On one side the representatives of American groups, smarting under the competition, whether real or assumed, of Philippine exports, would have been content with correction of the economic policy without reference to the political. On the other side, Philippine political entities, fretting under what little remained of colonialism, wished fulfilment of the political policy without change of the economic. Each made use of the other: the former conceded political points; the latter conceded economic points. In this bargain the American group shunned responsibility for their country's fair acquittal of colonial obligation, and the Philippine elements abandoned consideration of the material welfare of the fifteen million people.

The charge was serious enough seven years ago. But there was still time, then, to do something about it, and as a matter of fact the act was somewhat modified.

The independence date, however, was not changed, and today it is only five months off.

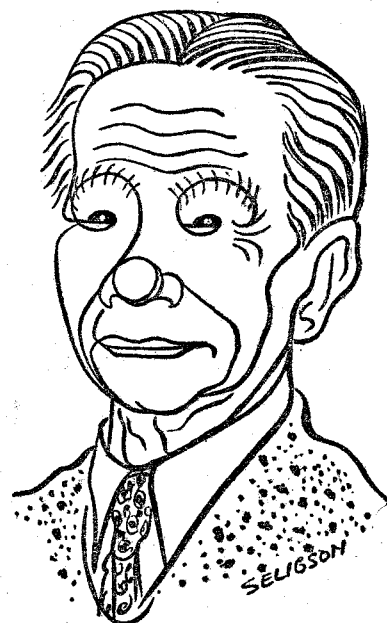
Rightly or wrongly we assumed certain obligations in the Philippines in 1898, and no fair-minded person can assert that we shall have adequately discharged them by dropping the islands into depression and chaos under the pretense of handing them the gift of independence. Freedom to starve is not what we promised. There seems little hope that they will get much more than that. We cannot withdraw our promise to grant them independence on July 4 without creating grave international difficulties. Philippine politicians cannot ask us to postpone the gift without "losing face" at home and abroad.

All that can be expected is an effort to mitigate the situation, and High Commissioner McNutt will presumably make it. The Filipinos elect a new government in April, and incoming officials will have two

months in which to make their proposals to Washington. There is still a rumor that Roxas, if elected, will consider asking that after independence becomes a fact we invite the islands back into a kind of dominion status. Meanwhile the Bell bill before the House would extend virtual free trade to the Philippines for the first eight years, followed by a twenty-five-year period in which tariffs on Philippine imports would gradually reach the level of duties on goods from other countries. One of the four Tydings bills before the Senate would hand them a kind of going-away present of \$100,000,000 with which to repair the physical damage wrought by the war. And plans for American military and naval outposts there, whatever evils they may bring, would at least assure the continued circulation of dollars.

With all these factors in mind, the realist's guess as to the future is a kind of pseudo-independence in which the Philippines will be nominally free but actually under an undefined protection exercised by the United States for its own purposes with little consideration of its effect on the Filipinos. Perhaps the islands will become the Cuba of the Pacific, but too far away to reap the financial advantages of a prosperous tourist trade. Any Cuban will tell them it is not a happy fate.

[This is the last of a series of articles by Miss Adams on the Philippine problem.]



President Osmeña

Adventures in Medicine

BY MARTIN GUMPERT

IN NO other field, not even in politics, is the gap between knowledge and action of such immediate and catastrophic consequence as in the field of medicine. Thousands of lives are sacrificed every year because available knowledge cannot be adequately applied or has not been intensely enough developed. Our state of health mirrors a combination of miraculous accomplishment and utter confusion, of daring advance and shabby stinginess. If science is to make our lives healthier and happier, there must be concerted action by both progressive physicians and progressive patients, citizens all. These articles will try to spread knowledge of medical facts so that the decisive battle for public health can be fought more efficiently and with greater hope of victory.

Despite its constant need of money, medical research is the cheapest buy in human happiness. The tremendous achievements of medical research in war time, saving uncounted lives, were performed on a total budget of fifteen million dollars, less than the cost of a single day of destructive warfare. One of the most important research projects I know about is being carried on as a result of a private grant of \$15,000 made to an outstanding scientist by the parents of a boy who died of an "incurable" disease. What can be done in a short space of time with \$1,100,000 provides another striking example. Many decades ago, Dr. Simon Baruch impressed his son Bernard with the possibilities of physical therapy. In October, 1943, Bernard M. Baruch invited a committee of forty scientists to draw up a program for the development of physical medicine in the United States and six months later gave the generous sum of \$1,100,000 to activate the recommended program.

When he did this, not quite two years ago, physical medicine in this country was one of the least respected of medical specialties. According to a recent definition of the American Medical Association, physical medicine is "the employment of the physical and other effective properties of light, heat, cold, water, electricity, massage, manipulation, exercise, and mechanical devices for physical and occupational therapy in the treatment and diagnosis of disease." Today, largely as a result of Mr. Baruch's efforts, medical science has discovered the immense possibilities in this relatively new field. A fact-finding survey conducted by Dr. F. H. Krusen, the director of the Baruch committee, has just published its report in the *Proceedings of the Staff Meetings of the Mayo Clinic* (December 26, 1945). It reads like a "physician in Wonderland," but gives a mere glimpse of the future of physical medicine.

On one of his visits to college and industrial research laboratories, Dr. Krusen saw a one-million-volt electron accelerator which by providing radiation right up to the edge of the cosmic rays opened a whole new field for investigation in the realm of physical medicine. He saw electronic tubes which can direct microwaves of high-frequency energy along a beam toward a certain part of the body and focus on a spot five centimeters in diameter—a most important device for the study of the effect of microwaves on human tissues.

Dr. Krusen reported that it will soon be possible to make binaural hearing aids enabling the deaf to tell from what direction a sound comes. There will also be hearing devices operated with the electric current from a household light socket which will be far superior to our present portable devices.

A new photo-electric spectrophotometer has been perfected which will be helpful in dealing with nearly all color problems. A new exposure meter measuring time against intensity of radiation will make dosage in radiation therapy much more accurate. New types of cathode-ray oscillographs can be applied to the medical study of electrical circuits—as in the electro-cardiograph.

Dr. Hillyer of the University of Toronto has developed a table model of an electron microscope which gives a clear picture of an object magnified one hundred thousand times. "The medical possibilities are almost beyond imagination." An electron analyzer can dissect microscopic substances far smaller than have even been examined in the past, opening new fields of medical physics. Dr. Hillyer said only half jokingly that by a process called electronprobe it would be perfectly possible to write one's name on a bacterium. Dr. Engstrom, a leading radio engineer, said, "The main thing lacking is proper liaison between radio engineers and physicians." The tools for many still unforeseen achievements are ready and waiting for medical science to take up.

The new concept of "physical medicine" has already tremendously improved the traditional stagnant methods of "physical therapy" in the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers. As Major Henry B. Gwynn of the Reconditioning Consultants' Division of the army recently wrote, "No more will we hear patients told, 'Your stitches are out now, you can go home tomorrow. When you get home, take it easy for a while, and when you feel strong enough, go back to work.'" The convalescent routines applied to the sick and disabled have been completely revolutionized. Dr. George Deaver of the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York has analyzed

thirty-seven basic skills which each disabled person must strive to acquire in order to become self-reliant. These include opening and closing a door, crossing a street from curb to curb while a green light is on, climbing bus steps, holding on to an overhead strap in a bus, dressing and undressing, rising from a chair, feeding oneself, using a telephone, opening and sealing letters, writing. Dr. Gwynn foresees that public opinion will force the development of reconditioning projects for civilians also. "However," he says, "to be successful such a program must also have the enthusiastic support of the medical profession. This will only be obtained when sufficient scientific data are assembled to change ideas which have been in vogue for hundreds of years."

Progress in collecting these data will be largely due to Baruch's humanitarian effort to revive research in physical medicine and improve its practice. Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons has received \$400,000 to organize a model center for such research; the Harvard Medical School, \$30,000 for fellowships; the University of Minnesota Medical School, \$40,000 to promote the teaching of physical medicine;

the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, \$50,000 for research in biophysics, electronics, and instrumentation; the University of Southern California, \$30,000 for teaching and research; the Medical College of Virginia, \$250,000 to inaugurate a center for hydrology; New York University's College of Medicine, \$250,000 to establish a center devoting special attention to structural mechanics; \$200,000 has been set aside for fellowships and minor projects in the field.

What has been done for physical medicine by Baruch can be done for other neglected areas of medical research—for the study of vascular diseases and of arthritic conditions, to name only two of the most urgent tasks. But we cannot afford to wait for the generous impulse of rich humanitarians. The community itself must raise and spend the money needed for scientific research. Compared with what is wasted every year by our local and federal governments on all kinds of unnecessary projects, the amount required is negligible.

[Dr. Gumpert, a New York physician, will contribute regular discussions of new developments in medicine and related fields.]



"I WONDER IF THE OLD BOY GIVES LESSONS..."

TEMPORARY ELYSIA



EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS



The Unsettled Air

IN THE relaxed atmosphere of Bermuda an Anglo-American conference has been seeking to complete the Temple of Freedom of the Air which was left in a sadly unfinished state at Chicago in 1944. At that earlier conference, in which fifty-two nations participated, the United States and Britain emerged as the protagonists of two very different theories. The United States argued for maximum freedom of the international air on a purely competitive basis. Britain protested that there must be provision for orderly regulation of air traffic lest freedom breed license.

Although self-interest was the instructor of each country's attitude, both could make out a respectable case on general principles. Maximum freedom undoubtedly offered the United States maximum opportunity to win a major share of the world's air traffic. It had made great strides in the design of civil aircraft during the war and built up an unequaled experience of inter-continental flying. It had the men, the machines, the "know-how," and was all set to go while the other principal air powers were slowly disentangling themselves from their war wreckage. Yet American spokesmen could claim reasonably enough that rapid development of air communications would benefit the world at large. Progress, they said, should not be stifled because of temporary American ascendancy; air travel should not be established as a costly luxury by freezing fares at levels protecting the least efficient operators.

Before the war American international air business had been conducted by a monopoly concern largely along non-competitive routes. Britain, on the other hand, had had plenty of experience of competition and had found its fruits bitter. Since considerations both of national prestige and national defense were involved, air transport was promoted by many countries without regard to economics, and competition, being subsidized, lost all meaning as a stimulant to efficiency. The British observed that development of air transport had proceeded swiftly inside the United States under conditions of regulated competition and urged an international authority to control international air routes as the Civil Aeronautics Board controls American domestic air routes. This sounds fair enough, but such an authority, made up of national representatives, could not be a judicial body; it could merely furnish a forum for the compromise of conflicting national claims. No doubt it would provide a breathing-spell for countries like Britain, but its effect on American aviation would be stifling.

Weeks of effort at Chicago produced no reconciliation between these two points of view. Britain, with most other countries, was willing enough to sign a "two-freedoms" convention providing for rights of passage through the air of other nations and of landing for technical reasons, but only a minority of the delegates joined the United States in approving the full "five-freedoms" convention, which supple-

mented privileges of flight with privileges of trade. The third and fourth freedoms embody the right to discharge traffic carried between the country of origin of an air transport and the country of its landing and to pick up traffic for the return journey; the fifth confers on an air carrier whose route crosses several countries the privilege of picking up and putting down traffic along the way, provided a frontier intervenes between embarkation and discharge.

At Chicago the fifth freedom aroused the most controversy, and it is still causing trouble in Bermuda. From the American point of view it is essential for the profitable development of long-distance routes. Without it an air line flying from New York to Istanbul would cross Europe with a diminishing number of seats occupied, as its original passengers reached their various destinations. However, it can readily be seen that for countries on the western rim of Europe the grant of this freedom means increased competition for local traffic. Moreover, it is not so valuable a privilege for European air lines entering the United States. True, on reaching New York they can take on passengers for Mexico or the Orient. But under the principle of "cabotage" domestic traffic is reserved for domestic concerns; so that a foreign plane en route to Australia cannot accept traffic from New York to San Francisco even though it is half-empty. Thus European air lines are likely to stop at America's Atlantic seaboard, while their American competitors flying east, once assured of the fifth freedom, can profitably hedge-hop across Europe's numerous frontiers.

To safeguard their position the British feel that the fifth freedom should be limited, if granted at all, or that some method of preventing a cutthroat fight for traffic should be devised. A few months ago the International Air Transport Association, to which fifty-seven air lines of various nationalities belong, decided to set up a number of regional "conferences" covering all international routes. Modeled on the conferences which have regulated international shipping for many years, these bodies were to deal with tariffs, rates, schedules, and other matters of common interest. The British appear to be willing to accept this method of curbing competition as a substitute for an official controlling body; in the recent row over Pan-American's rate-slashing they professed their readiness to accept any transatlantic fares endorsed by the I. A. T. A. The Civil Aeronautics Board, on the other hand, has been hesitant about giving its blessing, fearing that participation by American companies in the conferences would violate the anti-trust laws. However, reports from Bermuda suggest that the board may be modifying its stand, since by its power to approve or disapprove specific agreements reached through the I. A. T. A. machinery it would retain some control over foreign air rates.

If these and other outstanding issues can be satisfactorily cleared up at Bermuda, there should be good hopes of an early expansion of international traffic, particularly on the North Atlantic route. At present about fifteen round trips are being flown weekly between the United States and Europe; soon, it is expected, there will be six trips daily. Over a period there ought to be a steady fall in fares and, as a result of the immense saving in time, an exchange of travelers between America and Europe on a scale vastly greater than ever before.

KEITH HUTCHISON

The People's Front

DURING the recent French crisis the Yankee dollar presided majestically over the discussions. The Socialists and Communists together might have formed a Cabinet, but they were paralyzed by the fear that a left coalition would get no financial aid from the United States. It was the dollar that finally decided the moderate M. R. P. to join a three-party government without De Gaulle. "If we had said no," explained General Secretary Maurice Schumann, "the irreparable schism would have precipitated the financial stampede which already threatens us. France would have lost any hope of support from the other side of the Atlantic for her currency."

The example of the British loan is present in every French mind; though the Labor government retained the conservative Viscount Halifax as its ambassador and sent as principal financial negotiator a non-Labor economist, Lord Keynes, the fact that Labor is in power has increased Britain's difficulties. The campaign against "propping up socialism and communism with U. S. money" is not confined this time to the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Daily News*. Bernard Baruch himself has expressed the view that America should not make loans to countries whose post-war economic policy is geared to nationalization of industry. Even the gospel of liberalism is not quite broad enough to include dollar credits for nations which stray too far from economic orthodoxy.

In Poland, where the government has decided to nationalize basic industries, pre-war American investments are a stumbling-block. The American ambassador, Arthur Bliss Lane, recently indicated that he would not, under present circumstances, advise the United States to lend funds to Poland for rehabilitation purposes, charging that the government's economic policy violates the 1931 treaty of commerce and friendship.

Even when it is not planning an early visit abroad, the dollar exerts tremendous influence. Two years ago no one in Italy was thinking in terms of an immediate loan from the United States; American aid was a dream for some distant day in the future. But that day, nevertheless, weighed heavily on Italian political developments. The magnificent spirit of revolt that animated the underground of the north was soon dampened by the realization that partisans and maquisards were not popular in Wall Street. The fear of alienating American capital became an obsession and provided one of the weapons used by the House of Savoy and the Vatican in their fight against the left. The new Holy Alliance, directed today as in the time of Metternich against the revolution, has found in the dollar its twentieth-century emblem.

Homesickness may hasten the return of the armies of occupation, but the dollar never gets homesick. It can be kept in Europe indefinitely, maintaining America's position in world economic affairs. Today this country is about to enter a period of unparalleled industrial and commercial prosperity; its financial power, by absolute standards enormous, is still

greater in a world of devastation. In the course of one man's lifetime the relationship of the United States to Europe has undergone a profound change. Before 1914 the three leading industrial countries of Europe—England, France, and Germany—were all creditor nations with capital investments throughout the world. The United States was a debtor nation. After World War I Germany disappeared as a creditor country. France began to go downhill, and World War II finally pushed it into the queue of borrowers.

There remained only Britain with its empire. Today it is anxiously hoping that the United States Congress will approve the loan just negotiated here. With the exception of Sweden and Switzerland, two little countries, Europe has become a continent of debtors, while the United States has emerged as the one great creditor nation of the world. Europe lacks food, machinery, transport; left and right are engaged in a bitter struggle for power. This is the moment, American reactionaries believe, to drive the old Continent along the path they think it should take. In five years perhaps the European nations will have found a way out. Until then, the dollar can make the rules.

It can make them just as long as the left in Europe clings to the policy of gradual change. But if it is driven by despair, by misery, by the pressure of reaction at home or abroad to take the hard road of revolution, then it will sweep over all obstacles; hardships will not count. In October, 1917, Kerensky said, "I should like to see who is fool enough to take over the government in the present disastrous situation." Lenin answered, "Here we are." And until 1927, when it got a loan of three hundred million marks from Germany, the Soviet Union fought and won its struggle for existence without a cent from abroad. As a delegate of the Nansen Committee of the League of Nations, I visited one of the worst famine areas of the Ukraine in 1922. I still remember as a nightmare the suffering I saw there. But when I reached Moscow, the Russian leaders were talking not of loans but of expelling foreign relief agencies that were trying to buy off the revolution with bread and money.

Europe has not gone that far. There is still a possibility of peaceful, democratic change, provided the dollar's role is restricted to normal financial operations. The rebuilding and restocking of the old Continent offers enough opportunities for profit at a legitimate rate, no matter what its social system. It is not necessary to fabricate an inevitable clash between free-enterprise nations and nations with a controlled economy. But if American capitalism tries to use its power as a political instrument, instead of preventing, it will only precipitate, revolution. Leaving aside moral considerations, the attempt to manipulate Europe's future would make sense only if the leftward trend were transitory. But Europe's swing toward socialism is part of the historical process, and while it may be delayed or distorted, it cannot be stopped.

DEL VAYO

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

TOCQUEVILLE'S prognosis, in "Democracy in America," of the possible effects of the spread of democracy on the practice and appreciation of the arts makes fascinating reading more than a century after it was set down. Even a less perspicacious man than Tocqueville could have foreseen that a social development which brought to millions of people their first heady and releasing experience of adequate food and shelter, personal liberty, and literacy would be accompanied by a reaction against everything associated with aristocratic society—the intellectual and aesthetic values it had forged as well as the social, political, and economic vices it had perpetuated. Nevertheless, it is interesting to set his picture of "literature in democratic ages" beside the reality, particularly in America in 1946.

Taken as a whole, [it] can never present, as it does in the periods of aristocracy, an aspect of order, regularity, science, and art; its form, on the contrary, will ordinarily be slighted, sometimes despised. Style will frequently be fantastic, incorrect, overburdened, and loose, almost always vehement and bold . . . there will be more wit than erudition, more imagination than profundity, and literary performances will bear marks of an untutored and rude vigor of thought, frequently of great variety and singular fecundity.

Democratic nations will cultivate the arts that serve to render life easy in preference to those whose object is to adorn it. They will . . . prefer the useful to the beautiful, and they will require that the beautiful should be useful.

If it should happen that the men of some one period were agreed upon . . . rules, that would prove nothing for the following period; for among democratic nations each new generation is a new people.

They prefer books which may be easily procured, quickly read, and which require no learned researches to be understood.

Democracy not only infuses a taste for letters among the trading classes but introduces a trading spirit into literature.

The ever-increasing crowd of readers and their continual craving for something new insure the sale of books that nobody much esteems.

Democratic literature is always infested with a tribe of writers who look upon letters as a mere trade; and for some few great authors who adorn it, you may reckon thousands of idea-mongers.

The warnings of a thousand Tocquevilles could not have prevented the dilution and decline of taste in its pre-democratic manifestations, the scorn of conventions of style and form, the distaste for tradition or "what is ancient." And all these tendencies have had, of course, some wonderful as well as some unfortunate results. The spread of democracy brought, and will continue to bring, into potential play a truly limitless reservoir of human talent and vitality. It was

—and I persist in thinking it still is—logical to assume that the cultural achievements of a democratic society may outstrip those of the past. Yet in America today the practice and appreciation of the arts are for the most part carried on at a level which must be the despair of people like myself who feel that man cannot live by technology alone, and that the arts are one great means both of expressing and of satisfying man's deepest needs and aspirations.

One measure of what seems to me nothing less serious than a crisis of culture in this country is the very fact that culture is still regarded not only as something extraneous to life but also as a refinement, a decoration, which he-men and true democrats can very well do without. (This attitude took a new lease on life during the war when the arts were looked upon, even by some "enlightened" liberals, as a branch of human endeavor which might be forgone until after the slaughter had ended.) The civilized world was shocked at the notorious Nazi statement: "When I hear the word culture I reach for my revolver." Here, too many people when they hear the word culture are likely to reach for a guffaw if not for a revolver, and culture is a word that one hesitates to use seriously for fear of being dismissed as a snob. As a people we have still to learn that culture is not an outmoded aristocratic pastime but a life-giving, life-renewing force as essential to the welfare of the race as reproduction is to its continuation.

Yet though the word culture is scorned, the substance of it is still demanded, for the simple reason that it fills an elementary human need. The tragedy is that a substitute has been offered and widely accepted which not only fails to fill the need but which seems to me to threaten the very production as well as the appreciation of the real thing.

The substitute is a commercial commodity known as entertainment. It is what one gets at movies, over the radio, and in a large proportion of books, especially books of fiction. This entertainment is in all basic ways the antithesis of genuine art. Being mass-produced, it is aimed at what is called the average but is actually the sub-adult if not sub-normal intelligence; it is not rooted in the real world; and its function is the very opposite of catharsis. Tocqueville predicted that men in democratic societies would be susceptible to an inordinate love of physical gratification. He could not foresee that even the arts, in the hands of exploiters of the ordinary man's non-material needs, would one day be converted into merely another form of "virtuous materialism," a gratification comparable to an easy chair or a warm bath. For what else is the average movie, the average radio program, the average best-seller?

The passivity of the American movie audience has often been noted. How could it be otherwise when we consider that the movies are forced in dealing with sex to adhere to a set of hypocritical and outmoded attitudes, that they invoke religious assumptions which no longer regulate behavior, that no political question can be explored, that an honest film about American life is as rare as hen's teeth, and that the pro-

ductions of Hollywood are largely enervating daydreams wrapped in cellophane. How could it be otherwise, in a word, when every human emotion, every political impulse, every aesthetic drive is passed through a mill where it is sterilized and molded into pink pills of "harmless" entertainment. And the American people have been so thoroughly conditioned to this fare that even a serious film must be presented as only another pink pill.

The other evening in a movie theater I saw a preview of "The Last Chance," a film depicting the desperate struggle of a group of refugees to escape from German-occupied territory. At the end the following "promotion" line was thrown on the screen: "The Last Chance! The Last Word in Entertainment." That line seems to me to epitomize the vicious elements in mass-production entertainment—its commercialism, the deep contempt for human beings which underlies it, and finally what can only be called its brutalizing effect. "Enervating," "brutalizing," "vicious" are strong words. They are not too strong to apply to entertainment which titillates but does not satisfy, and which exploits and perpetuates not the adult but the adolescent desires of millions of people.

The stock defense of the masters of the entertainment industry is that they give the people "what they want." This is to my mind one of the most cynical half-truths ever invented to salve a guilty conscience. I know that most people devour what they get and crave more. But we all know that "what the people want" is largely what they have been led to think they want—and my own theory is that they ask for more of what they get not because it satisfies them but precisely because it does *not* satisfy but only exacerbates their hunger.

Even so, I am convinced that people don't even think they want many of the idiocies perpetrated on the screen; and if all the radio listeners who hate and scoff at commercials or at the latest regurgitations of dead jokes or at the painful frenzy of the gag writers could be organized for a march on Radio City, the earth of Manhattan would tremble and the towers fall. The marchers would probably be joined by many of the gag writers and by the otherwise harmless people whose rich, deep commercial reiterations are so offensive.

But the cultural revolution I dream about is, I'm afraid, not imminent. For one thing, mass-production entertainment induces apathy. For another, the very element of mass-production raises a formidable barrier to effective resistance. The man who sits before a screen or a radio, even though he may be outraged, also feels helpless.

What remedies then? I can think of two remedies, but neither, alas, seems very probable. One would be an organized movement to abolish the Hays code of censorship, of which the influence is not confined to films and which in its attempt to keep public entertainment from being "offensive" has made it genuinely offensive, morally, intellectually, and politically. The other is a concerted, widespread, and continuing attack by a corps of honest and intelligent critics. It seems little enough to ask or expect, but at least in the literary field, which is the one I know best, the prospects of such a development are very slim. On the contrary, the so-called critics, it seems to me, are going over to the

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enemy in an accelerating rush of abdication and collusion. It is bad enough for purveyors of trash to claim that they are giving people what they want. It is unspeakably worse when those who bear the name of critic proclaim it good—and that tendency is growing rather than diminishing. It is partly a case of the blind leading the blind. It is partly the result of pressures, direct and indirect. There is the obvious pressure of advertising; there is the much more subtle pressure to affirm that what is, is good. When shall we learn that to be a good democrat it is not absolutely necessary to be optimistic?

I have painted a dark picture, perhaps out of my own feeling of helplessness in the face of the mass-production and consumption of inanity which must "enervate the soul, and noiselessly unbend its springs of action," the collusion of the critics, and the complacency of a great many people who should know better. Still I, too, find myself offering a minor note of hope.

A few weeks ago I talked to the librarian in a small village in Virginia. She was lamenting the fact that so few of the excellent volumes on her well-stocked shelves ever moved from their places, while the demand for "Forever Amber" was such that she would be justified, as she put it, in buying more copies. (She hadn't done so, bless her heart, and vowed she wouldn't.) But what interested me particularly was her further remark that most of the people in the village who had insisted on reading the book, if it can be called a book, were disappointed or bored or disgusted.

Here is at least one small answer to the exploiters of man's

cultural needs, a breed of men quite as ruthless and greedy as the exploiters of his physical needs, who on the one hand do their utmost to debauch the public taste and on the other excuse their highly profitable enterprises by affirming that the public taste is low.

Never-Never Land

FOREVER CHINA. By Robert Payne. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.50.

TWO hundred years ago the French philosophers, who knew a great deal about contemporary Europe and very little about contemporary China, used a rococo version of the wisdom of China's ancients to set off the facts of Europe's feudal decadence, of which they could not complain too openly for fear of losing their heads.

The fashion they set has persisted, in different times and under different conditions. During the ill-fated London Conference of Foreign Ministers, a liberal radio commentator mused aloud that while Molotov, Byrnes, and Bevin wrangled, the thoughts of China's Dr. Wang Shih-chieh, representative of a culture that had antedated and would survive that of the West, must have been "long, long thoughts." Dr. Wang's thoughts may have been long ones, since he had little to say, but they were not couched in terms of the ages. That mild little university professor most probably thought of his own nagging dyspepsia and the ironic contrast between China's nominal position as one of the Big Four and the sad state to which the misrule of the men and forces that he represented had actually reduced her.

Robert Payne is the latest recruit to the ranks of writers who set up a mythical Orient as a backdrop to their reflections on life in general. These ranks include Voltaire at one end and Sax Rohmer at the other. There was of course more excuse for Voltaire than for Sax Rohmer. There is, to my mind, no excuse at all for Robert Payne, who knows the Orient and who has a mastery of phrase and imagery that could be applied far differently, and to much better purpose.

Mr. Payne is at his best in his word pictures of the shapes and colors of Chungking and Kunming. He is at his vicious worst when he writes of a China that is composed of virtuous sages—among whom he includes Chen Li-fu, torturer of Chinese students and head of the CC clique—vital peasants, soulful young intellectuals, and "beautiful" corpses of teen-age soldiers, Chinese and Japanese, on war-time battlefields (necrophilia is one of his main characteristics). I say vicious, because he knows the university campuses of Kuomintang China, knows the struggle that goes on there, and prefers to forget it.

Instead, he mystically contemplates and reads hidden noble meanings into such modern Chinese phrases as "New People" (*Hsin Min*), neglecting to tell us that this was the label slapped by the puppet Peking regime in North China on the "mass organization" by which they impressed the population into the service of Japan. He writes rather beautiful English poetry suggested by Chinese originals which he pretends to translate and sometimes assigns, obviously because it makes no difference in his dream world, to the

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wrong poet. He almost justifies the rape of Nanking by picturing the Japanese killers as hag-ridden creatures assuaging their own unbearable sense of guilt in blood. He makes real characters who have much to say, like Rewi Alley, utter his thoughts instead of their own. To judge from his book, the Chinese Communists do not even exist; yet the book pretends to be a report.

There is no doubt that Mr. Payne loves China, but even this love is necrophiliac because he broods on a revised past and refuses to see the living China except in terms of the eternal vigorous maleness of its young men, which of course does not prevent these same young men from dying of famine or being killed in civil wars. His "Forever China" is composed of a half-understood ragbag of quotations from the ancient books, the unchanging landscape, and the physical continuity of the race. The complex reality passes him by, as indeed it must because it is not this he seeks but an anodyne for his own *Weltschmerz*, which could be called China or anything else. One wonders how Mr. Payne, who knew Spain in its heroic agony and writes of it, in retrospect, with appreciation and understanding, can avoid mentioning the Chinese analogies to Spain's travail, which have hit everyone else in the face within a week of arrival in the country.

Orville Prescott recommended this book as the greatest of current works about this much written-about, brave, and suffering country. It is no wonder, for Mr. Payne takes the reader away from the real and urgent problems of today into a never-never land that is opium to jaded nerves and leaves him with a feeling that everything is beautiful, though sad, cannot possibly be understood, and does not matter much anyway.

If Mr. Payne had called the fictitious land he creates by a fictitious name, this would not matter. But his book is skilfully set in the physical background of China, uses real people as its puppets, purports to tell us about a crucial world area peopled by 450,000,000 human beings, and is recklessly and completely misleading about China's past, present, and future. A writer who could have brought China closer has removed it to the realm of fantasy.

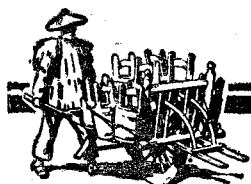
ISRAEL EPSTEIN

Music and Musicology

CHALLENGE TO MUSICAL TRADITION. By Adele T. Katz. Alfred A. Knopf. \$7.50.

THE NATION is not the place to dissect Heinrich Schenker's system of tonality analysis, which is presented in this book. Suffice it to say that if it is correct, everything Tovey believed and taught about the relation of classical tonality to classical forms is desperately wrong, for here are two mutually irreconcilable systems of analysis to explain one phenomenon.

Tovey's method is, as he says, "rigidly confined to generalizations from the behavior of musical compositions." Schenker begins with a prior conclusion based not on what he observes but on what he wants to prove. Possessed by the great Germanic will to order and authority, he constructs on his conclusion a typical cellular, pyramidal, totalitarian



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system, in structure amazingly like the one shown in the organization handbook of the Nazi Party, into which he forces as much of the behavior of musical compositions as he can. It only remains to create a mystical derivation from nature to justify the system:

[Because the first four overtones] in their relation to the fundamental and to each other represent the simplest mathematical ratio that exists among any group of tones, they manifest a nature-given principle of unity that has made the triad the dominating factor in the development of man's harmonic resources.

But as Tovey points out, "harmony has not yet found a place for so simple a natural phenomenon as the seventh note of the harmonic series," and while "many a 'clang' contains . . . in appreciable strength" the first sixteen notes, no fewer than four are outside our system. Furthermore:

The theory of "added thirds" was no more scientific than a classification of birds by the color of their feathers. But birds do have feathers of various colors, and classical music does build up chords by sequences of thirds.

When a system is derived backward from the conclusion to the data, a fact which cannot be tortured to fit the conclusion *must* be explained away. Thus when K. P. E. Bach makes an abrupt transition to the tonic which does not follow the laws of Schenker, and this cannot be explained by Bach's "inexperience in dealing with the structural problems of the form" because he continued the practice in mature works, the analysis must be: "We can only assume that this specific treatment was motivated either by a desire for a startling effect or by a technical idiosyncrasy."

Schenker is bad enough; but Mrs. Katz is one of the most confused writers I have ever encountered. I shall not waste space on the confusion in her own statement of her argument that just as elementary grammar is not enough for understanding Shakespeare but is only a preparation for the advanced work in oral and written English, so elementary harmony is not enough for understanding a Mozart sonata but is only preparation for the advanced harmonic analysis—presumably Schenker's—which does lead to the understanding of it. It is necessary, however, to point out that the argument is incorrect; that the author confuses applied work with understanding in literature and music, because she fails to understand the real basis of understanding of art. The ability to understand—let us call it sensitiveness—is an inherent capacity; when it exists one learns to understand poetry by reading poetry which awakens and develops one's sensitiveness to it, and the understanding of music is achieved in the same way. When one understands music this way, technical information will be of value, but only "knowledge that is relevant to the understanding of works of art," not "knowledge which is relevant only to the discipline of an artist's training"—which is a distinction Tovey is careful to make. Tovey's system imparts this first kind of knowledge; Schenker's imparts neither kind, but only false knowledge.

Moreover, understanding not born of sensitiveness and experience will not be acquired through technical knowledge. We have the conspicuous example of Dr. Einstein to prove that vast learning about a thing can be coupled with

failure to comprehend the thing itself—in this case, the music of Mozart. Given knowledge and no sensitiveness, the second-act finale of "Figaro" may seem an interesting and even exciting derivation from the formulas of Paisiello, Martin, and others, but its great psychological truths and unique musical justness will never even be imagined.

CHARLES B. FARRELL

BRIEFER COMMENT

Great Episode

"ARNHEM LIFT, THE DIARY OF A GLIDER PILOT," by Louis E. Hagen (Rinehart and Company, \$1.50), is another good and brief war book which will certainly give pleasure to *Nation* readers, and for three reasons. In the first place it is good to read because it proves a major point in the liberal conception of the war. Louis Hagen is a German who in 1933 was confined in a concentration camp for anti-Nazi utterances. Released because of his youth he was sent to England by his parents. Upon the outbreak of war he volunteered for service in the British army, became a glider pilot, and was decorated for bravery in action. The second distinction of this book lies in the magnificent episode it describes. Sergeant Hagen's first mission was that extraordinary attempt by British and Polish parachutists to secure the crossing of the lower Rhine. It was as daring and imaginative and tragic an action as the war histories will contain. (It was betrayed by a Dutch Nazi working in the British and Dutch Intelligence Service.) The third feature of the book is its style, which is clearly a reflection of Sergeant Hagen's character. "Arnhem Lift" is as precise a distillation of experience as I have read in a long while. In its choice of exact imagery, its absence of undue emotional stress, its candor and calm gravity it is a model to be followed by other writers about war. RALPH BATES

James Monroe

AT TWENTY-TWO JAMES MONROE began the study of law under Thomas Jefferson. He went to school to him for the rest of his life. Monroe was an industrious and conscientious student, and if he was possessed of no brilliant original genius, he had the good sense to seek out and accept able counsel. His "nature demanded a confidant and adviser," writes Arthur Styron in "The Last of the Cocked Hats: James Monroe and the Virginia Dynasty" (University of Oklahoma Press, \$3.50), and he was fortunate that Jefferson and Madison were usually close at hand.

Monroe, who had served as Madison's Secretary of State, was his logical successor in the Presidency in 1816. He was reelected in 1820, when he received every electoral vote but one; the "era of good feeling" was at hand. The election to the Presidency capped more than thirty years of public life. Monroe served through the Revolutionary War as an officer while still in his teens, was elected to the Virginia Assembly and to the Continental Congress, was a Virginia governor and senator, a minister to England, France, and Spain, Secretary of State, and Secretary of War.

There was little in his long career, however, to capture

the imagination. "He was no meteor," writes his present biographer, "to dartle brightly for a moment and then fall into obscurity; no tragic hero to furnish blood to agitate the mind and events to compel the tears; not even a great leader with a grasp of means to attain ends beyond the common mind." To sustain his 480-page biography, then, Styron has written a long disquisition on the times, and has focused attention on Monroe only at intervals. The material which he presents specifically on Monroe's career could probably be included in a hundred pages: for long periods Monroe is lost in the background. The volume is particularly slow in getting under way, with a detailed discussion of the Birth of an Era, the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries.

Styron, who seems to be something of a Southern agrarian on the defensive, obtrudes himself throughout the volume in these long asides. The narrative is further interrupted by hundreds of footnotes rarely containing anything which, given the author's discursive method, could not be better included in the text. Much of the volume is needlessly complex and drearily written, but it is dotted with brilliant vignettes of lucid prose. Styron's six-page estimate of Hamilton is an example, and his portrait of John Randolph is another. "The Last of the Cocked Hats" would be far the better for a comprehensive and astringent job of editing.

COLEMAN ROSENBERGER

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Drama

JOSEPH
WOOD
KRUTCH

SHAKESPEARE'S "The Winter's Tale" and Shaw's "Pygmalion" are not, to put it mildly, in all respects very much alike. The second makes, for instance, a great show of logic, while the first throws logic to the winds. Yet one may, for all that, propose a very pretty question by asking whether "Pygmalion" is, after all, any more true to life in the most literal sense of that term. Shakespeare knows, and by the very cavalierness of his presentation admits, that Hermiones do not really disappear for sixteen years and then reappear as statues turning to life! Shaw pretends to convince himself and us that philologists can make flower girls into duchesses in a mere six months. Thus the one author flies aloft on the wings of poetry; the other mounts dizzily a teetering stack of dubious premises and questionable deductions that only an acrobat could maintain in its unstable equilibrium. But both abandon probability as well as common sense far below, and it would be hard to demonstrate that Hermione is a more fabulous creature than Eliza Doolittle or that Leontes is any more a fantasy on the theme of jealousy than Professor Higgins is a fantasy on the theme of scientific detachment. And, parenthetically I might add, it would be equally hard to demonstrate that fabulous creatures of one sort or another do not make the most effective dramatis personae. What changes from age to age and society to society is merely the kind of monster we most readily find the meaning of. Something about human nature may be learned from both Leontes and Professor Higgins, but it is not because either is believable as a person.

In recent years revivals of twentieth-century plays have not often proved very successful, but the new production of "Pygmalion" at the Ethel Barrymore

Theater is an S. R. O. hit, and that augurs well for the future of its sponsors, Theater Incorporated, a non-profit organization which has, we are told, "extensive plans for limited runs of old and new plays." One reason for the small success usually enjoyed by revivals from the recent past may be simply that most such plays are in that uncomfortable state from which the plays of Shaw are just emerging—the state, that is to say, in which they seem old-fashioned without having yet become classics. Another fact which accounts for the triumph of the present "Pygmalion" undoubtedly is that instead of the all too visible economy and makeshift usually associated with such enterprises we have here an absolutely top-notch production performed by players of first-rate reputation and genuine popularity, who contribute that "glamour" which, unfortunately or not, New York audiences do not easily forgive the absence of. Gertrude Lawrence, who can make the shift from guttersnipe to brittle lady of fashion as few other actresses could, is probably the best possible person for the role of Eliza, and the support is excellent, though Raymond Massey, the co-star, is, for all his usual attractiveness, perhaps just a shade too amiable a Professor Higgins to go with his lines or his actions. Most spectators fortunate enough to see the production will probably realize that what the theater needs most of all at the present moment is a few playwrights with brains and talent. A little perspective makes it abundantly clear that whatever the virtues or the faults of Shaw may be he is simply outside the class of any American or English playwright who has produced anything during the last few years.

Returning for a moment to the comparison between his works and those of Shakespeare, I hope that the Old Gentleman—who is now almost twice the age at which Shakespeare died—will not be too offended if I point out at least one additional way in which his work resembles that of the Bard even when the latter was, if we believe Shaw, scornfully according the stupid public what it wanted. Despite fantastic plots, both "Pygmalion" and "The Winter's Tale" manage to bring in incidentally a good deal of wit, and, what is much more remarkable, the satiric elements in the two tend to converge. Take, for instance, the moment when one of the ballad-monger's patrons remarks how gratifying it is to get things in print so that one will know they are true. That remark, without the change of a

word, might be put into the mouth of any one of half a dozen Shavian embodiments of conventional fatuity and might be put there, not so that it wouldn't be noticed, but so that it would be singled out by unwary readers and marked in the margin, "How characteristic!" Or consider, for that matter, the whole character of Autolycus, who is a blood brother of Mr. Doolittle. Both are impossibly articulate and persuasive members of the Undeserving Poor. Both win our hearts and both are monsters, because though we love each as a fantasy we would not tolerate for a minute the only people in real life whom they remotely resemble.

Readers of "Pygmalion" may remember that the author adds a postscript in which he traces the subsequent careers of his characters. Clara Bynsford-Hill, the proper young lady who decides that "bloody" is part of the new smart vocabulary, later, we are told, was converted to socialism by H. G. Wells; and Eliza married, not Professor Higgins, but the young clotheshorse, Freddy. I should advise spectators not to pay any attention to all this. In the first place, none of the characters of the play has any life of that kind after the curtain descends. They are all alive only within the framework of the play's fanciful logic. In the second place, if Eliza didn't marry Professor Higgins, then the name of the piece is meaningless. Pygmalion was a man who married his own artistic creation, and it was not Freddy who made a lady out of a flower girl.

Art

CLEMENT
GREENBERG

THE sculpture in plaster, concrete, and other materials of David Hare, whose second one-man show is now being held at Art of This Century (through February 9), is another instance—a rich, full-blown, open instance—of the contemporary baroque. Hare stands second to no sculptor of his generation, unless it be David Smith, in potential talent. But like Smith in his latest phase and like all those who practice the baroque seriously at this moment, he is overwhelmed by the challenge of what is thought to be the contemporary mood.

Hare's is the most intensely surrealist art I have ever seen—in the sense that it goes all the way in the direction of surrealism and then beyond, developing surrealism's premises with a con-



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sistency and boldness the surrealist doctrinaires themselves have hardly envisaged. The influence of Giacometti, received directly as well as through Mat-ta's painting, operates here.

Now Giacometti himself in his best phase had near him the late presence of cubism to give some shape and formal direction to his literary adventurousness; in spite of himself, he absorbed a sense of style from his surroundings and his period which served to concentrate his energy. Surrealism of itself could not do this, because it never had a style of its own—that is, not in a formal or plastic sense—and without the infusion of cubism could offer no more than period-revival academism. Thus it is not surprising that when cubism began to lose its prestige in the public art world of the late thirties, Giacometti, never a very serious or resolute artist, relapsed into the most abysmal academicism.

Hare preserves Giacometti's demi-urgic ambition to create in each work of art a non-aesthetic personality, a new element of "absolute" experience, but he has failed to possess himself as yet of a sense of style comparable to Giacometti's at his best. And he is not concerned enough with the necessity of making sure that the work of art be at least art before becoming a personality. There are, of course, extenuating circumstances in Hare's case. While Giacometti could raise his monsters by hand and in a hothouse, Hare has to meet the rush of a horde of late, hot, field-grown monsters coming from every direction of present-day history. They are not as easy to control as Giacometti's horrors.

Hare's art as a whole suffers from its diversity, its lack of a unifying formal principle, of a consistent plastic bias. The twenty-three "personalities" on exhibition belong to at least seven different periods of geology. Their variety is upsetting instead of stimulating, because it is the result of the absence of style and the presence of elaborations and complications too often motivated by nothing more than exuberance or mechanical facility. Nor does the individual excellence of so many of the pieces—some are superb—remedy their failure to relate to one another.

As I have said, Hare has a prodigious amount of talent. The linear inventiveness of his sculpture cannot be denied; it is almost possible, in fact, to argue that he is a great draftsman—which is, perhaps, why he is not a successful sculptor in any final way. He still de-

rives too closely from painting and fails to distinguish between the different orders of feeling proper to it and to sculpture. And in this respect, particularly, gothic surrealism, with its deliberate obliteration of such distinctions, is a handicap. (Perhaps it is necessary to remind the reader that the surrealism of Picasso, Miro, and Masson is not gothic.) Only when Hare comes to include his surrealism in something larger and outwardly more impassive and controlled, something that scorns to compete with nature in procreation, will he realize the fulness of his unquestionable talent.

Records

B. H.
HAGGIN

AT LAST we are getting recordings of Toscanini's performances in frequent succession; and they are continuing to provide the outstanding releases of Victor's lists. On the February list are his performances with the N. B. C. Symphony of two great pieces of dramatic music: Verdi's Overture to "La Forza del Destino" (11-9010; \$1), and Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3 (Set SP-2; \$2.25). They are superbly effective statements of the works; but the performance of the "Prometheus" Overture on the fourth side of the Beethoven set turns out to be an example of what happens when internal and external conditions of the moment cause the Toscanini powers to operate at incandescence: the result is an intensification of the characteristic qualities and quantities of his style, a heightening of its effect, to the point where it is hair-raising.

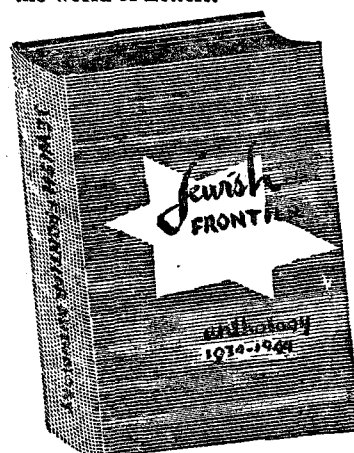
Moreover those tremendous opening chords come off the record with a depth and solidity and roundness of sound cleanly defined in quiet that one is not prepared for by the thinner, harder, and reverberantly coarser fortissimos of the "Forza" and "Leonore" performances or the recent Haydn No. 98; and the sound of the softer passages of "Prometheus" is also astonishingly beautiful. The difference is partly in the increased amount of bass that produces the depth and solidity, but also in the particular adjustment of recording equipment to acoustic conditions that produces the clean definition in quiet. And I must wonder that Victor's engineers, whose competence is evident in the beauty of some of their recordings of the St. Louis and Boston orchestras,

CHARLES A. BEARD

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have not achieved a standardization of practice for each orchestra and auditorium that would prevent the differences in sound between the Boston performances of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" and Brahms's Third, the St. Louis performances of Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony and the Couperin-Milhaud "La Sultane," the N. B. C. Symphony performances of the Overture to "La Forza del Destino" and "Prometheus," and worse still—as in the case of Haydn's No. 98—the difference between one side and the rest of a single performance. I must also wonder at the lack of care in processing and manufacture that gives us these examples of Toscanini's perfection in performance marred by noisy blemishes in the records.

Victor's new set (1028; \$5.75) of "Swan Lake," like Columbia's older one, offers not the music you may have heard at performances of "Swan Lake" in this country, but a collection of excerpts from Tchaikovsky's music for the several acts of the original ballet—a collection which includes some but not all of the music used in the one-act "Swan Lake" performed in this country, some but not all of the music used in the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe "Magic Swan" a few years ago, and possibly some music not used in either of these two. You can take it simply as enjoyable music, well-performed by Golschmann with the St. Louis Symphony (his tempo for the music on side 8 is much faster than what you have heard, but may be the correct one), and well-recorded. And that is what you had better do, ignoring the correlation of music and story which the notes in the album provide for each record-side; for it is filled with gush, confusion, and inaccuracy.

On a single (10-1200; \$.75) is *Questa o quella* from "Rigoletto," sung by Björling with the splendor and ease that his voice has on other records of several years ago, and the style that his singing still has. On the reverse side is *Nessun dorma* from "Turandot." Good orchestral accompaniments are provided by Grevillius; and the performances are well-recorded.

By now I am no longer surprised by a letter which begins by telling me that the writer is a constant reader of my column, and ends by asking a question about something I discussed a couple of weeks earlier. Invariably this has happened after one of my periodic discussions of needles: I have repeated my advice against sapphires, against any

other long-playing needle other than chromium, against cactus or thorn needles; and shortly afterward I have been asked my views on needles, and in particular on sapphires or cactus. And after writing a few weeks ago that I still had no information about new phonographs, but that as soon as I had any I would publish it, I am receiving letters from constant and appreciative readers asking me for information about new phonographs.

Since I have referred to cactus needles I might amplify what I have said about them. The first playing and repointing removes the outer surface that has been hardened by the chemical; and this, as I have said, means that the point now wears down very quickly and in so doing develops "shoulders" like those of a worn steel needle and as harmful to records. In addition the softness of the repointed cactus makes it possible for particles of the abrasive shellac-mix of the record to become embedded in the needle and then to begin to exercise their abrasive effect on the record. A friend to whom I mentioned this told me of some records which he had played several years ago only with cactus needles and then stopped playing, and which he discovered recently sounded much more badly worn than his other records that he had not played with cactus needles. And the new plastic records of vinylite should be damaged even more than are shellac records.

CONTRIBUTORS

ISRAEL EPSTEIN lived for many years in China. He covered various phases of the Sino-Japanese war for the United Press, the New York Times, Time, and the Allied Labor News.

CHARLES B. FARRELL, who contributes his first signed review to this issue, has figured several times as the anonymous correspondent in Mr. Haggin's column.

RALPH BATES, the distinguished novelist, fought with the International Brigade during the Spanish Civil War.

COLEMAN ROSENBERGER is the author of the article "Freedom Road" True? which appeared in *The Nation* last July.

Letters to the Editors

The Big Three

Dear Sirs: As a faithful "Nation Associate," permit me to protest against Freda Kirchwey's statement in her editorial of January 5: "The fact is, every nation might as well accept Big Three dominance as the basis of post-war relations." I object to such "realism" on three counts: (a) Power politics is war. It means: "You may be right, but I can knock you down. Want to argue?" (b) To talk of "a democratic structure" while accepting the heaven-sent right of sheer force is hypocrisy, and hypocrisy is always dangerous. You cannot reconcile the principles proclaimed at San Francisco with the deals secretly agreed to at Yalta or Potsdam. (c) There can be no durable understanding among the major nations on the basis of power politics. The Big Fellows invariably come to blows, because they live in constant fear that one of them may become a Bigger Fellow. Just because I want and have always advocated peace and amity with Russia, I want them not on a precarious Bismarck-Hitler basis but on the sure foundation of permanent common interests, frankly and openly discussed, without fear or favor.

There is an objectionable term for "permanent general interests" and that is "principles." Of course, *The Nation* will never stand for such starry-eyed liberal nonsense. Let us be tough and realistic, and prepare for the next round.

ALBERT GUÉRARD, SR.

Stanford University, Cal., January 18

Two Corrections

Dear Sirs: In connection with the really excellent article by Mr. D. M. Lebourdais on The Far North: International Frontier, which appeared in the January 12 issue of *The Nation*, two corrections should be made with reference to Alaska.

First, the statement is made that gold is not so important to the Alaska economy as fish or timber. The fact is that gold mining, in peace time, is second only to fishing and produces much more than the forest lands, which contain enormous stands of timber but have not yet been developed.

Second, the sentence reading, "A tract of 30,000 square miles has been set aside in Alaska for the exclusive use

of the United States navy, but so far nothing has been done to develop it," should have read, "nothing was done to develop it until the spring of 1944." Then a detachment of Seabees was sent to Point Barrow, and extensive work has been carried on ever since, including a preliminary pipe-line survey. This spring the work will be turned over to civilian contractors. Qualified oil geologists believe the Barrow reserve, or Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4, may prove to be one of the great oil fields of the world.

E. L. BARTLETT,

Delegate from Alaska

Washington, January 15

More About Straus

Dear Sirs: Mr. Straus (*The Nation*, January 5) expresses the point of view of a metropolitan observer. The effect of the opposition of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the National Home Builders' Association, the United States Savings and Loan League, etc., in small manufacturing towns such as these in Beaver County is more pronounced, probably, than in metropolitan areas. More people, even those who would be benefited by liberal policies, are led to subscribe to the propaganda of those organizations.

This county contains over 2,000 public-housing dwelling units, of which over 400 were built as "subsidized" or "low-rent" projects. There was an enormous influx of war workers which created a serious housing shortage. It was hoped the immigrants would depart after V-J Day, but only 83 families have moved out of the public-housing units since then. In the meantime, thousands of service people have returned, and the Housing Authority now has an application list of 1,200, of whom 700 are veterans.

Several days ago I recited these facts to a county poor supervisor and proposed more public housing as a means of partial relief. "Public housing," he said, "has been one of the biggest failures and mistakes of this county." How could he, who sees so much distress, say that? Like so many others, he expresses the preaching of reactionary politicians, builders, realtors, and their kind.

I am in agreement with giving wider priorities to housing—not only priorities however. There must be an allocation

of materials and men also, if anything is to be accomplished. Private housing should not be discouraged. Not all veterans—in some localities no veterans—need subsidized rent.

It seems to me that the greatest contribution to housing the veteran will be made when this country combines its resources of labor and capital in an effort of production. We did it for war; we should be able to do it for peaceful pursuits.

ARTHUR L. MARTSOLE,

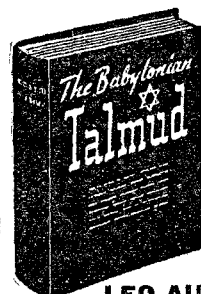
People's Housing Council

New Brighton, Pa., January 11

Segregation, Navy Style

Dear Sirs: In reference to your item of several issues ago about discrimination on the troopship "Old Crow," this is not a universal navy practice. We returned on the navy ship General Anderson, which carried both white and colored troops, and there were no lines of demarcation. We slept in the same holds, ate together, washed together, gambled together, and there was no

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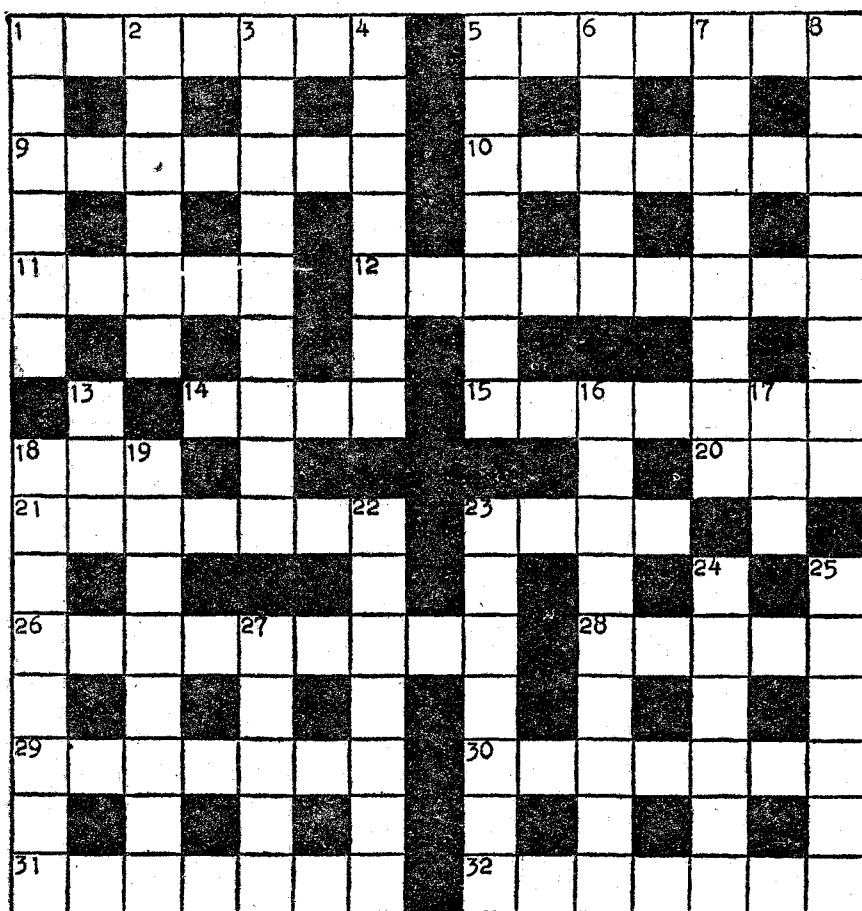
Enclosed are \$.....

Name

Address

Crossword Puzzle No. 147

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 Might make a lad crib
 5 Trivial perhaps, but amusing
 9 It's an ill wind
 10 "But when he once ----- the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back"
 11 Jumped out of the plate
 12 "Concentrated energy in a small space which, given certain conditions, will release itself"
 14 Two of Henry VIII's consorts were so named
 15 Where E. Carter lives
 18 How you prefer your wines, maybe
 20 Word already mentioned once in these clues
 21 "But that --- -ed engine at the door Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more" (hyphen, 3-4)
 23 Dog food
 26 Bill in Dee (anag.) won't come out!
 28 40? Do better than that
 29 Deceives
 30 Provides a little nonsense at the end of the pier
 31 Cautious
 32 Not in a mood to be made much of

DOWN

- 1 Dickens' character who decided that "the Law is a hass"
 2 If you give the foreign seaman tea, you'll be able to get the last car
 3 Of which Rudolph the Fifth was crowned king
 4 The entire university in America; only part of it in England

- 5 Descendants of mine are found here
 6 "We do the difficult immediately; the impossible takes a little longer" — isn't a bad one
 7 He retires from court to a small and simple apartment
 8 Diminished—owing, presumably, to there being less need
 13 "It had to be ---," as the bowman sang of his bow
 16 Lo, to serve (anag.)
 17 "A nightcap decked his brows instead of bay; A --- by night, a stocking all the day"
 18 Time to be downing tools, says the clock
 19 The only one of Lear's daughters who really loved him
 22 Degraded
 23 Mount slowly (two words, 5 & 2)
 24 Corot, I? No, a tax
 25 Side of bacon
 27 Plimsoll saw to it that ships should not be to excess

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 146

ACROSS:—1 TICKLERS; 5 SCOTCH; 10 RAPALLO; 11 CROAKER; 12 FELLAH; 14 UNCTUOUS; 16 RUNNELS; 17 STUDES; 18 STYE; 20 STIRBUP; 22 OUCH; 24 DEUCE; 26 DESPAIR; 29 CABOODLE; 30 AVERSE; 32 TOLBAR; 33 PARSNIP; 34 OBOIST; 35 ETHELRED.

DOWN:—1 THRIEF; 2 CAULET; 3 LOL-LARDS; 4 RIOT; 6 CROATS; 7 TAKE OUT; 8 HARASSES; 9 SCONE; 13 HUSTLED; 14 UNRAPE; 15 CLAUDIA; 19 CONCERTO; 21 PERVERSE; 23 CABALLO; 25 CORONER; 26 DOUBTS; 27 SLURS; 28 HEAPED; 31 SPOT.

sign of friction, in spite of the very crowded conditions.

On this ship, at any rate, the navy showed its own type of discrimination. The enlisted men were confined to two sections of deck, one forward and the other aft. In good weather you had to elbow your way through the packed masses to find even standing room. The decks reserved for commissioned personnel always had plenty of room, but M. P.'s were assigned to keep enlisted men out of these sections. This situation prevailed the entire trip, in spite of the protests of both men and officers. We were told that deck-space assignment was a navy function, and that the navy regulations could not be changed.

We entered Boston Harbor at dawn, and at 6 a. m. a new space assignment was announced, by which the space allotted to enlisted men was almost tripled. So as we sailed triumphantly into dock, with flags flying and whistles tooting, the general public was treated to a view of the ship almost completely covered with plain ordinary soldiers. I guess it wouldn't do to show people how the ship looked in mid-ocean, crammed with soldiers forward and aft, and almost empty amidships.

ROBERT B. KONIKOW

Washington, D. C., January 12

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